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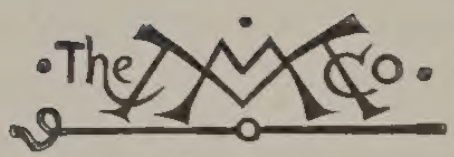
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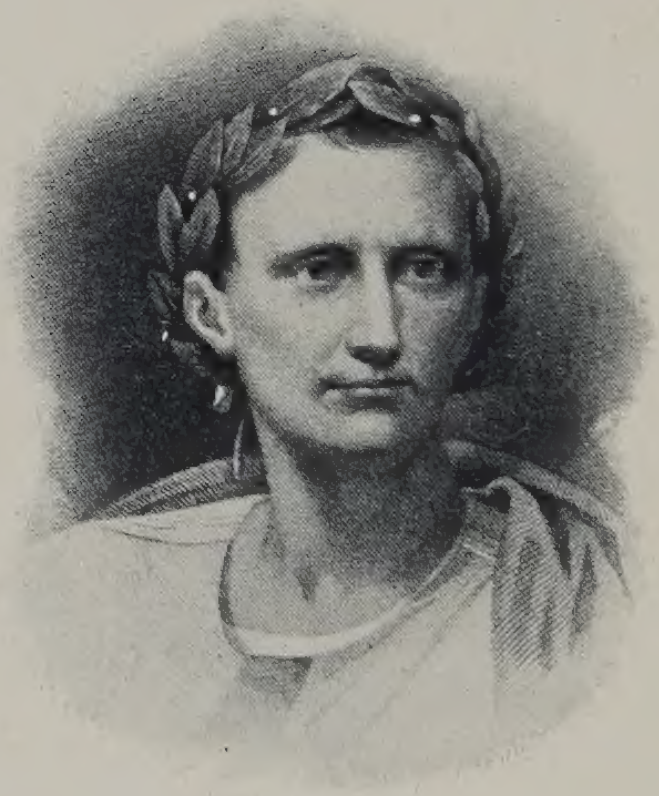

JULIUS CÆSAR.

SHAKESPEARE'S

JULIUS CÆSAR

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

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"O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!"

New York

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PREFACE

This edition of *Julius Cæsar* is intended for the use of young students; hence the omission of some features which are of especial interest to older minds.

In the notes, no tracing of derivations has been given, since the etymology of words may readily be found in dictionaries. Different manuscript readings and conflicting opinions of critics are omitted, as unedifying to young students. The historical basis as suggested by Plutarch, difficult allusions, and meanings of words and phrases which are unusual or obscure, are supplied.

Special features of the notes are (1) collated Peculiarities of Grammatical Usage, based upon Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, a work which is seldom accessible, and which is difficult for young students to untangle; (2) an explanation of Shakespeare's Verse,

with reference to peculiar metrical arrangement in this play.

The aim throughout has been to stimulate thought on the part of the student, and to supply sufficient aid for intelligent reading of the play.

The text is that of the Temple edition.

The editors acknowledge obligations to the editions of Rolfe, Sprague, and Deighton.

INDIANAPOLIS, October, 1899.

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INTRODUCTION

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

April 23, 1564, is a red-letter day in the history of English literature; for on that day, as tradition has it, was born in the village of Stratford, in the county of Warwick, England, William Shakespeare, the greatest poet of modern times. Certain it is that three days later, April 26, the christening ceremony of the infant poet took place in the parish church at Stratford.

William Shakespeare came of ancient and honorable lineage. The surname itself, "implying capacity in the wielding of the spear," testifies to the chivalric temper of some early ancestor. On both sides the poet could boast of sturdy yeoman ancestry. His father, John Shakespeare, was the son of a tenant farmer living at Snitterfield, four miles from Stratford, on land which was owned by Robert Arden, the maternal grandfather of the poet, and whose youngest daughter, Mary, was, in 1557, married to John

Shakespeare. From her father, who died in 1556, Mary Arden inherited money and land, thus bringing a substantial dowry to her husband.

John Shakespeare seems to have been a shrewd, energetic business man, combining the occupations of farmer, glover, and trader in agricultural produce. He must have commanded the respect and confidence of his fellow-townsmen, for he was elected to various offices of trust and responsibility; finally, in 1568, attaining the highest office in the gift of the corporation, that of High Bailiff. His education must, however, have been very limited, some authorities asserting that he could neither read nor write; but according to Shakespeare's latest biographer, Sidney Lee, "When attesting documents he occasionally made his mark, but there is evidence in the Stratford archives that he could write with facility." Mary Arden, as was usually the case with women of her station in life, was entirely ignorant of book-lore. William was the third child and the first son of this marriage. His two elder sisters having died in infancy, he naturally took the place of the eldest child in the home, where three younger brothers and one sister grew up with him. Happily Stratford possessed an excellent Free Grammar School for the education of boys. The instruction was mainly in the Latin language and literature. Beginning with the Latin Grammar, or

accidence as it was called, the boys were drilled in conversational exercises, and later they read the great Roman authors,— Cicero, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Seneca, Plautus, and Terence. From our point of view this may seem a very one-sided training; but acquaintance with such writers is in itself a liberal education. School hours were long, occupying the entire day winter and summer, and we cannot wonder that the nature-loving Shakespeare should have written feelingly of the "schoolboy creeping like snail unwillingly to school." Some knowledge of French and Italian he seems also to have acquired during the seven years that he is supposed to have attended the Grammar School.

In his fourteenth year Shakespeare was withdrawn from school, as it is supposed to assist his father, who had then become seriously embarrassed financially.

> "Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
> For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
> And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

This counsel which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the worldly-wise Polonius in the play of *Hamlet* may naturally have been suggested by knowledge of his father's financial difficulties. For, in a moment of pressing need, John Shakespeare had borrowed money from the husband of his wife's sister, giving

as security a mortgage on the Arden homestead, which had been included in Mary Arden's dowry. Once in debt, John Shakespeare found it impossible to extricate himself from his increasing financial distresses, and, in 1586, an importunate creditor informed the local court that the debtor had no goods which could be seized for payment of liabilities.

It is a significant fact that, about this very time, William Shakespeare left Stratford to seek his fortunes in London. Ere that time, however, William had himself incurred heavy responsibilities on his own account. Late in 1582, when but eighteen and a half years of age, he had been married to Anne Hathaway, who was eight years his senior. She was the daughter of an old family friend living in the neighboring parish of Shottery, and it is probable that the marriage was the culmination of an early attachment.

In 1585 three little ones, a daughter, Susanna, and a twin boy and girl, Hamnet and Judith, had come into Shakespeare's home. How should he provide for his little family? Stratford offered few opportunities for an ambitious young man, and it seems natural that Shakespeare should turn to London to seek employment. There is a somewhat doubtful tradition to the effect that his departure was hastened by a prosecution for poaching on the deer preserves of a neighboring country gentleman, Sir Thomas Lucy of

Charlecote Manor. However that may be, the year 1586 found young Shakespeare making his way to London, probably on foot. Whether he had already formed any definite plans as to his future work, it is impossible to say. From his early boyhood he had had frequent opportunities of witnessing dramatic performances. The Guildhall of Stratford, near by the Grammar School, was often visited by companies of travelling players — once at least, while Shakespeare's father held the office of Bailiff ; the neighboring town of Coventry was the scene of regular dramatic representations; and the usual country festivals, such as May Day and Christmastide, were celebrated by some kind of dramatic performance. It is easy to believe that the instinct of genius attracted him to the theatre.

Tradition variously asserts that his earlier connection with the theatre was in the capacity of "prompter's attendant," or call-boy, holder of horses for the visitors, and general servitor. In a short time he was enrolled among the actors, in which profession he speedily made a reputation. In 1592 the publisher Chettle wrote that Shakespeare was "exelent in the qualitie he professes," and the old actor William Beeston asserted in the next century that Shakespeare "did act exceedingly well,"[1] and he "pursued the profes-

[1] Quoted by Sidney Lee in *A Life of William Shakespeare.*

sion of an actor," as Sidney Lee asserts, "loyally and uninterruptedly until he resigned all connection with the theatre within a few years of his death." His fame as a writer of dramas so far eclipses his reputation as an actor, however, that we are not surprised to learn that within six years after his arrival in London, during which time he had served an apprenticeship in revising old plays and in assisting some other dramatists in the composition of dramas, his first independent work as a playwright was presented on the London stage.

This first play, *Love's Labour's Lost*, was followed, in the next nineteen years, by thirty-five other dramas, "nearly all of which belong to the supreme rank of literature." The double profession of actor and playwright must have taxed the powers even of a Shakespeare to the utmost. It is gratifying to find abundant testimony to the great poet's amiability of temper, to his freedom from the petty jealousy which often marks the genius, and to a whole-hearted friendliness which endeared him to the finer spirits among those of his own calling.

Shakespeare was also distinguished for practical sagacity in business affairs. From his work, both as actor and playwright, he derived a substantial income. Lee estimates that, from both sources, his annual average revenue, previous to the year 1599, must

have amounted to one hundred and thirty pounds (equal in value to five thousand dollars to-day). From that date he also shared in the profits of the Globe Theatre, and held a small interest in the Blackfriars. The exceptional popularity of his plays after 1599 caused a corresponding increase in his revenues, so that, in the last few years of his life, he must have earned, according to Sidney Lee's estimate, above six hundred pounds a year in the money of the period. By thrift and good management Shakespeare was enabled to accomplish the special objects of his endeavors, viz., to retrieve his father's fallen fortunes and to secure for himself the rank and estate of an English "gentleman." In the year 1597 he purchased the largest house in Stratford, known as "New Place," and, in subsequent years, by additional purchases in town and country, he became a large landholder. In 1611 Shakespeare retired from the stage, and spent the last five years of his life in dignified leisure at "New Place." There he died, April 23, 1616, at the age of fifty-two, and was buried in the village church. But his works can never die so long, as Ben Jonson said, "as men have wits to read." The surpassing creations of Shakespeare's genius secure for him an immortality of fame.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR

The story of the life of Caius Julius Cæsar reads like an epic of a hero of old. In him we find the union of those qualities which, according to Homer, heroic Greece demanded in whoever should bear rule, — valor in war, wisdom in council, eloquence in debate.

Cæsar belonged to a family which had long been prominent in Roman affairs. His birth occurred July 12, 100 B.C., at a time when Rome was torn by dissensions between classes, when party factions had brought the state almost to the verge of anarchy. Legend, usually so busy in weaving wonderful stories of early precocity in great men, is silent as to the boyhood of Julius Cæsar ; but the ardent love of the man for his mother, Aurelia, points to a happy childhood.

Cæsar owed his first public office to his uncle, the then powerful Marius, who, while he was consul, appointed his nephew a *flamen dialis*, or priest of Jupiter, at the age of fourteen. Three years later Cæsar cemented his connection with the Marian, or popular party, by marrying Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna. A sudden turn in the wheel of revolution, however, brought Cinna to a violent death, and made his enemy, Sulla, dictator. In the general proscrip-

tion which followed Cæsar narrowly escaped, but having dared to refuse to divorce his wife at Sulla's command, he was compelled to flee from Rome to avoid the wrath of the dictator. He joined the Roman forces in Asia, where he distinguished himself as a soldier, receiving a crown of oak leaves for personal bravery at the capture of Mitylene.

Upon the death of Sulla, Cæsar returned to Rome. "At this time," says Froude, "there were but two roads to eminence in Rome,— oratory and service in the army." Since his political connections closed to him the door to military preferment, Cæsar went to Rhodes to receive training from the celebrated teacher of oratory, Apollonius Molo. On his journey, the vessel in which he sailed was captured by pirates, and Cæsar was held for ransom, the amount demanded being thirty talents (about thirty thousand dollars). Cæsar ridiculed the low estimate of his value, telling the pirates that if they knew who he was, they would demand fifty talents. He showed his absolute fearlessness by threatening to crucify the pirates when he should be set at liberty. This threat he actually fulfilled.

Meanwhile, the Roman government had grown hopelessly corrupt. Roman warfare had become a synonym for plunder. Cicero, speaking in the Senate, said that "Rome had made herself abhorred throughout

the world by the violence and avarice of her generals." In the year 76 B.C. Cæsar returned to Rome, was elected military tribune as a reward for his service in Asia, and began to take an active part in the effort to reform public abuses. In 68 B.C. he was made quæstor, which also gave him a seat in the Senate. Soon afterward his defiant courage was exhibited on the occasion of the funeral of his aunt Julia, the widow of Marius. Cæsar delivered the funeral oration, and he had the insignia and images of Marius borne in the funeral procession, thus openly challenging the party of Sulla. From that time Cæsar rose rapidly, receiving in succession all the high offices in the gift of the Roman people. As consul, he instituted many measures designed to check the growing evils of aristocratic government. "The Julian Laws," as they are called, "mark an epoch in Roman history," says Froude, "for they affirmed the principles on which Roman or any other society could continue"; but not even a Cæsar could save the Roman state from its own suicidal errors.

When the term of Cæsar's consulship expired, 59 B.C., he was made military governor of all Gaul, whose warlike tribes were a continual menace to the fast-weakening Roman nation. Up to this time Cæsar's experience in military affairs had been slight, yet in less than eight years he reduced the powerful

Gallic and Belgic tribes to submission, established Roman colonies among them, and completely organized provincial governments. Most remarkable of all, the chiefs of the conquered tribes "went to their homes," says Froude, "personally devoted to their conqueror, contented with their condition, and resolved to maintain the peace which was now established."

Cæsar's brilliant successes, however, had excited the jealousy of other ambitious Romans. His great rival for political honors was Pompey, who, with the wealthy Crassus, had joined him for several years in directing Roman affairs. Their coalition, or "triumvirate," as it is called, was dissolved 53 B.C. by the death of Crassus. Pompey then went over to the aristocratic party and openly advocated measures intended to degrade and humiliate Cæsar. His hostility culminated in securing the passage of an order by the Senate commanding Cæsar to disband his army and give up the government of his province by a certain day, on pain of being declared a public enemy. This action precipitated civil war,—a struggle between two ambitious and powerful men for supremacy in the Roman state,—for the republic was in its death throes, and monarchy of some sort was inevitable. The contest resulted in a complete triumph for Cæsar. Pompey's forces were overthrown, and he himself was slain by an over-ardent, would-be ally of Cæsar in

Egypt. From that time until his death Cæsar was, practically, the head of the Roman government. In 45 B.C. he was made Dictator for life. He was invested with all the high offices of state, the title "Imperator" being conferred upon him, and made hereditary in his family. Popular enthusiasm ran so high that a statue was erected to him in the Capitol, inscribed to "Cæsar the demigod."

The judgment of history declares that Cæsar used the imperial powers conferred upon him wisely and for the good of the Roman people. Every department of the public service felt the beneficent effects of his policy of administrative reform. His foresight planned far-reaching measures for unifying the entire Roman world.

Cæsar's magnanimity is proverbial. He scorned to pursue with malice a fallen enemy. But envy and suspicion accused him of intending to use his power for the enslavement of the Roman people. A conspiracy, headed by Cassius and Brutus, struck him down in the senate house, March 15, 44 B.C.

Cæsar was assassinated in the name of Liberty, the conspirators claiming that their motive was a desire to restore the republic; but their deed precipitated a peaceful Rome into civil strife, and hastened the coming of the empire.

FROM FROUDE'S "CÆSAR: A SKETCH"

Personal Traits of Cæsar

In person Cæsar was tall and slight. His features were more refined than was usual in Roman faces; the forehead was wide and high, the nose large and thin, the lips full, the eyes dark gray like an eagle's, the neck extremely thick and sinewy. His complexion was pale. His beard and mustache were kept carefully shaved. His hair was short and naturally scanty, falling off toward the end of his life, and leaving him partially bald. His voice, especially when he spoke in public, was high and shrill. His health was uniformly strong until his last year, when he became subject to epileptic fits. He was a great bather, and scrupulously clean in all his habits; abstemious in his food, and careless in what it consisted; rarely or never touching wine, and noting sobriety as the highest of qualities, when describing any new people. He was an athlete in early life, admirable in all manly exercises, and especially in riding. In Gaul he rode a remarkable horse, which he had bred himself, and which would let no one but Cæsar mount him. From his boyhood it was observed that he was the truest of friends, that he avoided quarrels, and was most easily appeased when offended.

In manner he was quiet and gentlemanlike, with the natural courtesy of high breeding. On an occasion when he was dining somewhere, the other guests found the oil too rancid for them: Cæsar took it without remark, to spare his entertainer's feelings. When on a journey through a forest with his friend Oppius, he came one night to a hut where there was a single bed. Oppius being unwell, Cæsar gave it up to him and slept on the ground.

Cæsar as a Statesman

Like Cicero, Cæsar entered public life at the bar. He belonged by birth to the popular party, but he showed no disposition, like the Gracchi, to plunge into political agitation. His aims were practical. He made war only upon injustice and oppression; and, when he commenced as a pleader, he was noted for the energy with which he protected a client whom he believed to have been wronged. When he rose into the Senate, his powers as a speaker became strikingly remarkable. Cicero, who often heard him, and was not a favorable judge, said that there was a pregnancy in his sentences and a dignity in his manner which no orator in Rome could approach. But he never spoke to court popularity: his aim from first to last was better government, the prevention of

bribery and extortion, and the distribution among deserving citizens of some portion of the public land which the rich were stealing. The Julian Laws, which excited the indignation of the aristocracy, had no other objects than these; and had they been observed, they would have saved the constitution.

SHAKESPEARE'S "JULIUS CÆSAR"[1]

It is afternoon, a little before three o'clock. Whole fleets of wherries are crossing the Thames, picking their way among the swans and the other boats, to land their passengers on the south bank of the river. Skiff after skiff puts forth from the Blackfriars stair, full of theatre-goers who have delayed a little too long over their dinner and are afraid of being too late; for the flag waving over the Globe Theatre announces that there is a play to-day. The bills upon the street posts have informed the public that Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* is to be presented, and the play draws a full house. People pay their sixpences and enter; the balconies and the pit are filled. Distinguished and specially favored spectators take their seats on the stage behind the curtain. Then sound the first, the second, and the third trumpet-blasts, the curtain

[1] From *William Shakespeare: a Critical Study*, by Georg Brandes.

parts in the middle, and reveals a stage entirely hung in black.

Enter the tribunes Flavius and Marullus; they scold the rabble and drive them home because they are loafing about on a week day without their working clothes and tools — in contravention of a London police regulation, which the public finds so natural that they (and the poet) can conceive it as in force in ancient Rome. At first the audience is somewhat restless. The groundlings talk in undertones as they light their pipes. But the second citizen speaks the name of Cæsar. There are cries of "Hush! hush!" and the progress of the play is followed with eager attention.

It was received with applause and soon became very popular. Of this we have contemporary evidence. Leonard Diggs vaunts its scenic attractiveness at the expense of Ben Jonson's Roman plays: —

> "So have I seene, when Cæsar would appeare,
> And on the stage at halfe-sword parley were
> Brutus and Cassius: oh how the Audience
> Were ravished, with what new wonder they went thence,
> When some new day they would not brooke a line
> Of tedious (though well labored) Catiline." [1]

The learned rejoiced in the breath of air from ancient Rome which met them in these scenes, and the popu-

[1] A drama by Ben Jonson.

lace was entertained and fascinated by the striking events and heroic characters of the drama. A quatrain in John Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs* tells how —

> "The many-headed multitude were drawne
> By *Brutus*' speech, that *Cæsar* was ambitious,
> When eloquent *Mark Antonie* had showne
> His vertues, who but *Brutus* then was vicious?"

Date of Composition

The passage quoted above from Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, which was published in 1601, has led to the conclusion that Shakespeare's drama was probably composed in that or the preceding year. For this allusion to what Antony had said concerning Cæsar's ambition must, it is thought, have been suggested by the speech which Shakespeare puts into his mouth, since, although Plutarch mentions Antony's address, he does not refer to that point.

Suggestive Sources

Previous to the composition of this drama, other plays, both in Latin and English, based upon the life of Cæsar, had been written; but it is evident that Shakespeare derived the historical materials for this drama from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony.*

Shakespeare's fidelity to the historian's account has been thus commented upon by Gervinus in his *Shakespeare Commentaries:* "The component parts of the drama are borrowed from the biographies of Brutus and Cæsar in such a manner that not only the historical action in its ordinary course, but also single characteristic traits in incidents and speeches, nay, even single expressions and words, are taken from Plutarch, even such as are not anecdotal or of an epigrammatic nature, and which any one not unacquainted with Plutarch would consider in form and matter to be quite Shakespearian, being not unfrequently quoted as his peculiar property, and as evidencing the poet's deep knowledge of human nature. . . .

"This fidelity of Shakespeare to his source justifies us in saying that he has but copied the historical text. It is at the same time wonderful with what hidden and almost undiscernible power he has converted the text into a drama, and made one of the most effective plays possible. Nowhere else has Shakespeare executed his task with such simple skill, combining his dependence on history with the greatest freedom of a poetic plan, and making the truest history at once the freest drama. The parts seem to be only put together with the utmost ease, a few links taken out of the great chain of historical events, and the remainder

united into a closer and more compact unity; but let any one, following this model work, attempt to take any other subject out of Plutarch, and to arrange even a dramatic sketch from it, and he will become fully aware of the difficulty of this apparently easy task. He will become aware what it is to concentrate his mind strictly upon one theme (as is here the case), to refer persons and actions to one idea, to seek this idea out of the most general truths laid down in history, to employ, moreover, for the dramatic representation of this idea, none but the actual historical personages, and so at length to arrange this for the stage with practised skill or innate ability, that with an apparently artless transcript of history such an ingenious independent theatrical effect can be obtained as that which this play has at no time failed to produce."

Interpretative Comments on the Play

(From Knight's *Pictorial Edition of Shakespeare*)

Nothing can be more interesting, we think, than to follow Shakespeare with Plutarch in hand. The poet adheres to the facts of history with a remarkable fidelity. A few hard figures are painted upon a canvas; the outlines are distinct, the colors are strong; but there is no art in the composition, no grouping, no light and shadow. This is the his-

torian's picture. We turn to the poet. We recognize the same figures, but they appear to live; they are in harmony with the entire scene in which they move; we have at once the reality of nature and the ideal of art, which is a higher nature. Compare the dialogue in the first act between Cassius and Brutus, and the same dialogue as reported by Plutarch, for an example of the power by which the poet elevates all he touches, without destroying its identity. When we arrive at the stirring scenes of the third act, this power is still more manifest. The assassination scene is as literal as may be; but it offers an example apt enough of Shakespeare's mode of dramatizing a fact. When Metellus Cimber makes suit for his brother, and the conspirators appear as intercessors, the historian says, "Cæsar at the first simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but afterward, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him." The poet enters into the mind of Cæsar, and clothes this rejection of the suit in characteristic words.

(From Gervinus's *Shakespeare Commentaries*)

With what reverence Shakespeare viewed Cæsar's character as a whole we learn from several passages of his works, and even in this play from the way in which he allows his memory to be respected as soon as he is dead. In the descriptions of Cassius we look

back upon the time when the great man was natural, simple, undissembling, popular, and on an equal footing with others. Now he is spoiled by victory, success, power, and by the republican courtiers who surround him. He stands close on the borders between usurpation and discretion; he is master in reality, and is on the point of assuming the name and the right; he desires heirs to the throne; he hesitates to accept the crown which he would gladly possess; he is ambitious, and fears he may have betrayed this in his paroxysms of epilepsy; he exclaims against flatterers and cringers, and yet both please him. All around him treat him as a master, his wife as a prince; the senate allow themselves to be called *his* senate; he assumes the appearance of a king even in his house; even with his wife he uses the language of a man who knows himself secure of power; and he maintains everywhere the proud, strict bearing of a soldier, which is represented even in his statues. If one of the changes at which Plutarch hints lay in this pride, this haughtiness, another lay in his superstition. In the suspicion and apprehension before the final step he was seized, contrary to his usual nature and habit, with misgivings and superstitious fears, which affected likewise the hitherto free-minded Calpurnia. These conflicting feelings divide him, his forebodings excite him, his

pride and his defiance of danger struggle against them, and restore his former confidence, which was natural to him, and which causes his ruin; just as a like confidence, springing from another source, ruined Brutus.

(From Morley's *Introduction to the Play*)

Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* is a play of government, but it is not enough to say that it represents government in its chief forms. The sweep of the story brings before us — in Rome, the centre of old rule — unstable populace, democratic tribunes, republicans in their two main types, as the practical republican whose thought is for himself, and the philosophical, whose thought is for the world; it paints feeble man in greed of the empire, and tyrannicide as worse than fruitless; shows oligarchy risen from the ruins with a tyranny far greater than that from which the bare mistrust had caused escape to be sought by murder; it paints civil war, and includes foreshadowings of the disunion between chiefs of equal power. . . .

Which, then, of the persons in this play of *Julius Cæsar* is the one upon whom Shakespeare seeks especially to fix attention? Beyond question, it is Brutus. The centre of interest will lie in him. Shunning, as we must always, the paths of dry speculation which

invariably lead those who follow them to deserts far away from Shakespeare's track, we ask, as we must always, what is the most direct and obvious source of our strong human interest in the person whose fortunes are most continuously and visibly affected by the action of the plot. Brutus is represented as a man gentle and noble in the best sense of each word, the most perfect character in Shakespeare, but for one great error in his life. All Rome had so much faith in his unblemished honor, that the conspirators who had determined to strike down Cæsar by assassination in the hour when he was about to grasp the sole dominion of Rome, strongly desired companionship of Brutus to give to their deed color of right, and win for it more readily the assent of the people. There is in the blood of Brutus a love of liberty so strong that it is a virtue tending to excess. Upon this and upon his unselfish concern for the common good, his brother-in-law Cassius works, and by his working sways the scales of judgment, and leads Brutus to do evil that good may come of it. Not for ill done, but for mistrust of what might come, with no motive but the highest desire for his country's good, with no personal grudge in his heart, but a friend's affection for the man he struck, Brutus took part in an assassination. Portents are so inwoven with the action of the play as to suggest the presence of the

gods in the affairs of men. The stroke that was to free Rome from a possible tyranny gave three tyrants for one, civil war for peace, and sent to a cruel death, by self-murder, the faithful wife who was dear to Brutus as the ruddy drops that visited his sad heart. The spirit of Cæsar haunted Brutus as his evil spirit, and the last cry at Philippi was, "O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!" as Cæsar's chief assassins were dying by their own hands on the swords that stabbed him.

(From Dowden's *Shakspere, His Mind and Art*)

Julius Cæsar is indeed protagonist of the tragedy: but it is not the Cæsar whose bodily presence is weak, whose mind is declining in strength and sure-footed energy, the Cæsar who stands exposed to all the accidents of fortune. This bodily presence of Cæsar is but of secondary importance, and may be supplied when it actually passes away, by Octavius as its substitute. It is the spirit of Cæsar which is the dominant power of the tragedy; against this — the spirit of Cæsar — Brutus, who ever errs in practical politics, succeeded only in striking down Cæsar's body; he who had been weak now rises as pure spirit, strong and terrible, and avenges himself upon the conspirators. The contrast between the weakness of Cæsar's bodily presence in the first half of the play,

and the might of his spiritual presence in the latter half of the play, is emphasized, and perhaps over-emphasized by Shakespeare. It was the error of Brutus that he failed to perceive wherein lay the true Cæsarian power, and acted with short-sighted eagerness and violence. Mark Antony, over the dead body of his lord, announces what is to follow: —

> "Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, —
> . . . . . .
> A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
> Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
> Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
> . . . . . .
> And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
> With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
> Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
> Cry 'Havoc' and let slip the dogs of war."

The ghost of Cæsar (designated by Plutarch only the "evil spirit" of Brutus), which appears on the night before the battle of Philippi, serves as a kind of visible symbol of the vast posthumous power of the dictator. Cassius dies with the words: —

> "Cæsar, thou art revenged
> Even with the sword that killed thee."

Brutus, when he looks upon the face of his dead brother, exclaims: —

> "O, Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
> Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
> In our own proper entrails."

Finally, the little effort of the aristocrat republicans sinks to the ground, foiled and crushed by the force which they had hoped to abolish with one violent blow. Brutus dies: —

> "Cæsar, now be still;
> I killed thee not with half so good a will."

Brutus dies; and Octavius lives to reap the fruit whose seed had been sown by his great predecessor. With strict propriety, therefore, the play bears the name of *Julius Cæsar*. Read by this light, everything is plain and consistent. Moreover, it is to be noticed that Shakespeare had authority from Plutarch and Suetonius for the change which came over Cæsar's character in his later days; and to a consciousness of physical weakness and waning powers of mind we may no doubt ascribe those failings which have already been noticed. Shakespeare has but added color to the picture as drawn by historians, in order to heighten the contrast between the man who is to die and the spirit of that man which is to be more potent than any living personage could be.

Time of the Action

The historical events included in the drama extend over a period of a little more than two and a half years, from February, 44 B.C., when the feast of Lupercal was celebrated, to the battle of Philippi, in September, 42 B.C. For the purposes of dramatic representation, however, Shakespeare departed from historical accuracy, as follows:[1]—

(1) Cæsar's triumph is made coincident with the *Lupercalia* (historically it was celebrated six months before); (2) the combination of the two battles of Philippi (the interval of twenty days being ignored); (3) the murder, the funeral orations, and the arrival of Octavius are made to take place on the same day (not so actually).

Again, Shakespeare departs from Plutarch in making the Capitol the scene of the murder, instead of the *Curia Pompeiana*. In this point, however, he follows a literary tradition, which is already found in Chaucer's *Monk's Tale*:—

> "*In the Capitol anon him hente* (*i.e.* seized)
> *This falsë Brutus, and his other foon,*
> *And stikked him with bodëkins anoon*
> *With many a wound, and thus they let him lie.*"

[1] Temple Edition of *Julius Cæsar*, edited by Israel Gollancz.

READING HELPS

The school that is so situated as to command ready access to a good public library is fortunate. In any case, however, it is desirable to have at hand a few volumes, historical and critical, which will contribute to a better understanding of Shakespeare. There are several excellent aids to the study of the life of the poet as a man and as a literary artist. *A Life of William Shakespeare*, by Sidney Lee, is the result of careful sifting of all the biographical material accessible, and may be accepted as reliable; *William Shakespeare*, by Georg Brandes, is a scholarly review of the Man and his Works; *Shakespeare the Boy*, by William Rolfe, gives a vivid picture of the Warwickshire manners and customs which formed the environment of Shakespeare's boyhood; on a larger scale is an illustrated *True Life of Shakespeare*, by James Walter; *The Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, by Halliwell-Phillips, is the most extended record of the life, and contains reprints of most of the original entries of the facts of record.

In interpretative criticism, *Shakespeare's Life, Art, and Characters*, by Rev. H. N. Hudson; *Shakespeare Commentaries*, by Gervinus; *Shakspere — His Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden; *Shakespeare's Dramatic*

Art, by Ulrici; *William Shakspere*, by Bernard Ten Brink; Coleridge's *Lectures on Shakespeare; Studies in Shakespeare*, by Richard Grant White; and *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, by R. G. Moulton, will be found useful.

The development of the drama in England is well presented by Hudson and Ulrici; also by A. W. Ward in his *History of English Dramatic Literature*, and by J. A. Symonds in his *Shakspere's Predecessors*. *Early London Theatres*, by T. F. Ordish, and Fleay's *History of the London Stage* give a clear picture of the theatre in the Elizabethan Age.

For the historical background, it is well to have a brief *History of Rome*, such as Leighton's, or Merivale's one-volume edition; Froude's *Cæsar: a Sketch;* and North's *Plutarch's Lives* (Skeat's edition).

SHAKESPEARE'S

JULIUS CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

CICERO,
PUBLIUS,
POPILIUS LENA, } *senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } *conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribunes.*
ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, *a teacher of Rhetoric.*
A Soothsayer.
CINNA, *a poet.* Another poet.

LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA,
Young CATO,
VOLUMNIUS, } *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO,
LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS, } *servants to Brutus.*

PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*
CALPURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*
PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Rome; the neighborhood of Sardis; the neighborhood of Philippi.*

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT I

Scene I. *Rome. A street*

Enter Flavius, Marullus,° *and certain Commoners*

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical,° you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?
First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.
Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?
Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.°

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience°; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave°? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper° men as ever trod upon neat's-leather° have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.°

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries° follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication° of your sounds
Made in her concave shores°?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood°?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit° the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*
See, whether their basest metal° be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol°;
This way will I: disrobe the images,°
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.°
Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.°
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies.° I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar° from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,°
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A public place*

Flourish. Enter Cæsar; Antony, *for the course*°; Calpurnia,° Portia, Decius,° Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, *and* Casca; *a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.*

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord?

Cæs. Forget not,° in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says "do this," it is performed.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony° out.

[*Flourish.*

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar!" Speak; Cæsar is turned to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.°
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer° bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.
[*Sennet.*° *Exeunt all but* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course°?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick° spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely° upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,°
Conceptions only proper to myself,°
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved —
Among which number, Cassius, be you one —
Nor construe° any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus with himself at war
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,

That you might see your shadow. I have heard°
Where many of the best respect° in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous° on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale° with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester°; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal° them, or if you know
That I profess° myself in banqueting
To all the rout,° then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it? 80
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, 90
As well as I do know your outward favor.°
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day, 100
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me "Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy[c];
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,°
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises° bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips° did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried "Give me some drink, Titinius,"°
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper° should

So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm° alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*
Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus,° and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,°
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talked of Rome

That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome° indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus° once that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous°;
What you would work me to, I have some aim°:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew° upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded° worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his Train*

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret° and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference° by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,°
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.°

Cæs. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable° to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music°:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet.* *Exeunt* CÆSAR *and all his Train but* CASCA.

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day, That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered° him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry,° was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown: yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets: and, as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement° hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded° and fell down at it: and

for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like°: he hath the falling-sickness.°

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag° people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope° his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An° I had been a man of any occupation,° if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his

infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.°

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick° metal° when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.°
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so; till then, think of the world.°

[*Exit* BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard°: but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humor° me. I will this night,
In several hands,° in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion

That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at°;
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

Scene III. *A street*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, *with his sword drawn, and* Cicero

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought° you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway° of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm°? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world too saucy° with the gods
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful°?

Casca. A common slave — you know him well by sight —
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches joined, and yet his hand
Not sensible° of fire remained unscorched.
Besides — I ha' not since put up my sword —
Against° the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glazed° upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying° me: and there were drawn°
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird° of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
"These are their reasons; they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate° that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed° time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from° the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night° is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walked about the streets,
Submitting° me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced,° Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone°;
And when the cross° blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in° wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,°
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance°
Their natures and preformed faculties
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious° grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions° are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now

Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.°

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf

But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made.° But I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering° tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious° for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo° with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch°: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion° of the element°

In favor°'s like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate°
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stayed for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party —

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,°
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit* CINNA.
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,°
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited.° Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I. *Rome.* BRUTUS'S *orchard*°

Enter BRUTUS

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS

Luc. Called you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn° at him,
But for the general.° He would be crowned:
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger° with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse° from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections° swayed
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,

Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel°
Will bear no color° for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which hatched would as his kind grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet,° sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus sealed up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations° whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter and reads.*

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"
Such instigations have been often dropped
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.
[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma° or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments°

Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius° at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are moe° with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are plucked° about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.
Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path,° thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus° itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.°

Enter the Conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS

Cas. I think we are too bold° upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them: and no man here
But honors you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing° the youthful season° of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath°; if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What° need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret° Romans, that have spoke the word,

And will not palter°? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,°
Old feeble carrions° and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,°
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs°
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him,°

For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touched but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver°; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy° us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy° afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious°:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar —

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear° in him; let him not die;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace! count the clock.°

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown° of late,
Quite from the main opinion° he held once
Of fantasy,° of dreams, and ceremonies°:
It may be these apparent° prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway° him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns° may be betrayed with trees
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humor the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius° doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus:
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,°
But bear° it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy°:
And so good morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS.
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures° nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you further; then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,°
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical°
To walk unbraced and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy° and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence° within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm° you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.°
Think you I am no stronger° than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking within.*

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery° of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* PORTIA.] Lucius, who's
that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS *with* LIGARIUS

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe° good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief°! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honorable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist,° hast conjured up
My mortified° spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. Cæsar's *house.* *Thunder and lightning*

Enter Cæsar, *in his night-gown*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia° in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!" Who's within?

Enter a Servant

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present° sacrifice,

And bring me their opinions of success.°
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPURNIA

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threatened me
Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,°
Yet now they fright me. There's one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.°
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,°
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions littered in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.
Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humor,° I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?

Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays° me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
Which like a fountain with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.°
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding° bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.°

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirred° so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will. [*Aside*] And so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns° to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A street near the Capitol*

Enter Artemidorus, *reading a paper*

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way° to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

Artemidorus."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.°
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.° [*Exit.*

Scene IV. *Another part of the same street, before the house of* Brutus

Enter Portia *and* Lucius

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.

Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel°!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth, and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumor° like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth,° madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void,° and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.

Run, Lucius, and commend° me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III

Scene I. *Rome. Before the Capitol°; the Senate sitting above*

A crowd of people; among them Artemidorus *and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter* Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, *and others*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.°
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first°; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cœs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.°

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street? Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[*Advances to* CÆSAR.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive. I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention. Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back, For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant°: Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes; For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus, He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer° his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is addressed°: press near° and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart: — [*Kneeling.*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,°
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thawed from the true quality
With that which melteth fools, I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing° of my banished brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.°
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement° for Publius Cimber.
Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive°;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus°?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[Casca *first, then the other Conspirators and* Marcus Brutus *stab* Cæsar.

Cæs. Et tu, Brute°? Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits,° and cry out 80
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance —

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person, 90
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people

Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so: and let no man abide° this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over

In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis° lies along
No worthier than the dŭst!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant

Bru. Soft! who comes hère? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus and I honor him;
Say I feared Cæsar, honored him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved°
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough° the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still°
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Bru. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank°:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt° to die:
No place will please me so, no means of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome —
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity —
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of malice,° and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver° you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, — alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit° me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer° than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bayed,° brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed° in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.°
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer strucken by many princes
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.°

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked° in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Swayed from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard°
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to* BRUTUS.] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon:
I will myself into the pulpit first
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall°; I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission;

Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy —
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue —
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,

With Ate° by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines° with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," ° and let slip the dogs of war°;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth — 280
O Cæsar! — [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion,° I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius° yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile; 290
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,

In my oration,° how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

SCENE II.° *The Forum*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of Citizens*

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally° we hear them rendered. 10

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the Citizens.*
BRUTUS *goes into the pulpit.*

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my

cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure° me in your wisdom, and awake your senses,° that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude° that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The

question° of his death is enrolled° in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated,° wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced,° for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony *and others, with* Cæsar's *body*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, — that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts Shall be crowned in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace° to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding° to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered° it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide° it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins° in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot° myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers; the will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Cit. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

[ANTONY *comes down.*

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Cit. Stand back. Room! bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii°:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished° over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint° of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs° they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.
All. Most true: the will! Let's stay and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.°
Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.
Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?
First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Second Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight° to visit him:
He comes upon a wish.° Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike° they had some notice° of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A street*

Enter Cinna *the poet*

Cin. I dreamt° to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily° charge my fantasy:

I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang° for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,— briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet. 29

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.°

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A house in Rome*°

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table*

Ant. These many° then shall die; their names are pricked.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent —

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn° him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS.

Ant. This is a slight° unmeritable° man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be pricked to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.
And, in some taste,° is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds°
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property.° And now, Octavius,
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head°:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretched;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.°
Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.° *Camp near Sardis. Before* BRUTUS's *tent*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and Soldiers;* TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meet them*

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word,° ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation° from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy° cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.°

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,°
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests and like deceitful jades°
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Low march within.*

Bru. Hark! he is arrived:
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and his powers*

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Sol. Stand!

Sec. Sol. Stand!

Third Sol. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them —
Bru. Cassius, be content°;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,°
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Lucilius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. Brutus's *tent*°

Enter Brutus *and* Cassius

Cas. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted° Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,

Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice° offence should bear his comment.°

Bru. And let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have° an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bait° not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge° me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge° me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is 't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?°
Must I observe° you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved° me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not!

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect° not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.° I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal° counters° from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not; he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman°; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus'° mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.°
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced,° shows a hasty spark

And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge° between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and* LUCIUS

Cas. How now! what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humor, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging° fools?
Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine!

[*Exit* LUCIUS.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?

O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong: for with her death
That tidings came: with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.°

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with wine and taper*

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. 160
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit* LUCIUS.

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA

Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question° our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition° toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one!
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art° as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive.° What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted,° all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard° with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

Bru. Lucius! [*Re-enter* LUCIUS.] My gown. [*Exit* LUCIUS.] Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS.

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily? 240
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watched.°
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[Varro *and* Claudius *lie down.*

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turned down
Where I left reading°? Here it is, I think.

[*Sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again.

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!
[*To* Varro] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend° me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

Scene I. *The plains of Philippi*

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles° are at hand;
They mean to warn° us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle° is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent°? 19
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army;* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.°
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words: 30
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,°
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds°
Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar°
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,°
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.°

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Joined with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony, away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.°

[*Exeunt* Octavius, Antony, *and their army.*

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. [*Standing forth*] My lord!

[Brutus *and* Lucilius *converse apart.*

Cas. Messala!

Mes. [*Standing forth*] What says my general?

Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus° strong
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former° ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted° us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.°
Bru. Even so, Lucilius.
Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.°
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:

What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself: I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall,° so to prevent°
The time of life°: arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented° to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The field of battle*

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus *and* Messala

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills° Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on° at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor° in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.° *Another part of the field*

Alarums. *Enter* Cassius *and* Titinius

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turned enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.
[Pindarus *ascends the hill.*
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down; behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS *descends*

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman°; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search° this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [PINDARUS *stabs him.*] Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Titinius *with* Messala

Mes. It is but change,° Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust° of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,

Why dost thou show to the apt° thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say "thrusting" it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit* MESSALA.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: — this is a Roman's part:

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Kills himself.*

Alarum. *Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crowned dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort° us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Another part of the field*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, *young* Cato, Lucilius, *and others*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [*Exit.*
Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.
First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.
Lucil. Only I yield to die:
[*Offering money*] There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Another part of the field*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, *and* Volumnius

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius showed the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispering.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispering.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus! 10

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me°
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.°
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labored to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect°;
Thy life hath had some smatch° of honor in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*]
Cæsar, now be still:
I killed not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

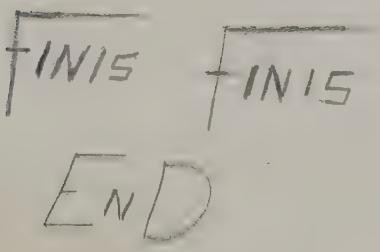
Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and the army*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.
Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with° me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer° me to you.
Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,°
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world "This was a man!"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.
So call the field° to rest; and let's away, 80
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*



NOTES

EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL

ACT I

Scene I

Stage Direction. — **Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.** Flavius and Marullus were tribunes, an office which was created B.C. 494, for the protection of the plebeians (here called commoners), against the oppression of the patricians. Under the rule of Sulla, the tribunes had been deprived of the greater part of their power; but their prerogatives had been restored by Pompey. For this reason, Flavius and Marullus adhere to the party of Pompey and indignantly resist every attempt to honor Cæsar.

Line 3. **mechanical**: mechanics; common workmen.

12. **directly**: without ambiguity; in a straightforward manner.

14. **with a safe conscience**: without conscientious scruples.

16. **knave**: originally, this word, like the German, **knabe**, meant simply, a boy.

28. **proper**: good-looking.

29. **neat's-leather**: shoes made of the hides of neat cattle, **viz.**, oxen and cows.

34. **his triumph**: this was Cæsar's fifth and last triumph held 44 B.C., in celebration of his victory over the sons of Pompey in the battle of Munda in Spain, fought March 17th, 45 B.C. "A triumph was a military procession moving through the streets of Rome, substantially in the following order: (1) the magistrates; (2) the Senate; (3) trumpeters; (4) wagons and platforms laden with spoils, bearing explanatory labels, pictures, maps, models, etc.; (5) flute-players; (6) white bulls or oxen for sacrifice; (7) priests and their attendants; (8) elephants, or other strange animals from the conquered districts; (9) arms, standards, and insignia of the conquered nations; (10) captive princes, leaders, and their kindred; (11) other prisoners of war in fetters; (12) crowns and gifts from allies; (13) lictors in single file with brows and fasces wreathed with laurel; (14) the triumphant IMPERATOR, standing with his youngest children in a circular car drawn by four horses; (15) his grown-up sons on horseback; (16) mounted legati, tribuni, and equites; (17) Roman legions laurelled and marching in column, singing and shouting." — SPRAGUE.

36. **tributaries**: captives of war; so-called because their countries, being conquered, would pay tribute to Rome. This triumph was not a celebration of a foreign conquest, and the tribunes, who belong to the Pompeian party, are enraged at the popular demonstration in honor of Cæsar.

49. **replication**: reëchoing, or reverberation.

50. **her concave shores**: shores hollowed out by the water. In Latin, names of rivers were personified as masculine, but Shakespeare follows the custom of English poets.

54. **Pompey's blood**: the sons of Pompey.

57. **intermit**: delay; suspend.

64. **basest metal**: in some editions, the word is **mettle**, but these were originally two spellings of the same word. The meaning is, the meanest spirited — those who are dull and gross, like the baser metals.

66. **the Capitol**: the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus on the Capitoline Hill, built, originally, by Tarquinius Superbus and dedicated to the three great gods of the Romans, Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva.

67. **images**: statues. "After that, there were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with diadems upon their heads like kings. Those the two tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled down." — NORTH'S PLUTARCH. See I., 2, 288.

68. **decked with ceremonies**: adorned with tokens of honor: here the scarfs mentioned in I., 2, 289.

70. **the feast of Lupercal**: an ancient Roman festival held annually on the 15th of February, in honor of Lupercus, the god of fertility. The Lupercal itself was a cavern in the Palatine Hill; it was here that the she-wolf is fabled to have suckled Romulus and Remus.

72. **trophies**: symbols of victory. Originally, a trophy, from a Greek word meaning "to turn," was a monument erected on a battle-field at the point where the enemy had been made *to turn*, or had been put to flight. It was decorated with the captured arms.

73. **vulgar**: common people.

76. **fly an ordinary pitch**: this figure is based upon a custom in falconry, "pitch" referring to the highest point to which a hawk soars before swooping down upon its prey.

Scene II

Stage Direction. — **Enter Antony, for the course,** *i.e.*, stripped to the waist and wearing a girdle of goatskin. "At that time, the feast of Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time, men said, was the feast of Shepheards or Herdsmen. . . . That day there are divers noblemen's sons, young men (and some of them Magistrates themselves that govern them), which run naked through the City, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noble women and gentlewomen also, go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be stricken, as scholars hold them out to their schoolmaster, to be stricken with the ferula; persuading themselves that, being with child, they shall have good delivery; and so, being barren, that it will make them to conceive with child. . . . Antonius, who was Consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course." — Plutarch. **Calpurnia** (in some editions, **Calphurnia**) was Cæsar's fourth wife, married to him 59 B.C. **Decius**: his true name was **Decimus Brutus**, but he is called **Decius** throughout the play. It was he, and not Marcus Brutus, who had been the special friend and favorite of Cæsar.

6. **Forget not . . . To touch Calpurnia**: Cæsar was very desirous of having an heir. His only daughter, Julia, had died ten years before.

11. **ceremony**: usual rite.

18. **the ides of March**: the Roman month had three divisions: the Calends, the first of each month; the Nones, the fifth,

but the seventh in March, May, July, and October; the Ides, the thirteenth, but the fifteenth in March, May, July, and October.

19. **A soothsayer**, etc.: "Furthermore, there was a certaine Soothsayer, that had given Cæsar warning long afore, to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the fifteenth of the moneth), for on that day he should be in great danger." — PLUTARCH, *Julius Cæsar*.

STAGE DIRECTION. — **Sennet**: a particular set of notes upon the trumpet.

25. **the order of the course**: the manner in which the race is conducted.

29. **quick**: lively. See lines 203–204: also, II., 1, 189.

39. **Merely**: altogether; wholly.

40. **passions of some difference**: conflicting emotions.

41. **proper to myself**: concerning myself alone.

45. **construe**: interpret.

58. **I have heard**, etc.: Plutarch tells us that Cæsar's evident desire to be made king "made the multitude turn their eyes on Marcus Brutus. . . . But the honors and favors he had received from Cæsar checked him from attempting of his own accord to subvert the monarchy; for he had not only been pardoned himself after Pompey's defeat at Pharsalia, and had procured the same favor for many of his friends, but was one in whom Cæsar had a particular confidence. He had, at that time, the most honorable prætorship, and was named for the consulship four years after, being preferred before Cassius, his competitor. But Cassius, a man of fierce disposition, and one who, out of private malice, rather than love of the public,

hated Cæsar, not the tyrant, continually inflamed him and urged him on."

59. **best respect**: most highly esteemed.

71. **jealous on**: distrustful, or suspicious of.

73. **stale**: make worthless by frequent use.

74. **new protester**: a new-found friend who professes love.

76. **scandal**: defame; speak evil of.

77. **profess myself**: make declarations of friendship.

78. **rout**: common crowd; rabble.

91. **favor**: looks; personal appearance.

109. **stemming it with hearts of controversy**: resisting it with courageous spirits.

112. **Æneas, our great ancestor**: the myth relates that after Troy was taken by the Greeks, Æneas, with a few followers, set out to found a new city, and that he finally landed in Latium in Italy and built Lavinium: whence he is claimed as the founder of the Roman nation.

114. **The old Anchises**: the aged father of Æneas.

122. **His coward lips**, etc.: his lips grew pale with fear.

127. **Titinius**: one of Cæsar's friends.

129. **temper**: constitution; disposition.

131. **palm**: an allusion to the custom of placing palm branches in the hands of the victors in the Olympic games.

136. **Colossus**: the Colossus of Rhodes, a gigantic statue which bestrode the entrance to the harbor; it was one of the wonders of the ancient world.

152. **the great flood**: an allusion to the Greek myth of the flood with which Zeus determined to destroy man because of his

degeneracy; but Deucalion, king of a city in Thessaly, and his wife, Pyrrha, saved themselves in a vessel and became the progenitors of a new race.

156. **Rome indeed, and room enough**: this pun arises from the fact that, in Shakespeare's day, the two words, *Rome* and *room*, were pronounced almost alike.

159. **a Brutus once**: Lucius Junius Brutus, who brought about the expulsion of the last of the seven kings of Rome.

162. **nothing jealous**: in no wise doubtful.

163. **aim**: idea; conjecture.

171. **chew upon this**: turn it over and over in your mind as cattle chew the cud, turning it over and over.

181. **proceeded**: taken place.

186. **ferret**: an animal of the weasel kind which has bright red eyes with a fierce expression.

188. **crossed in conference**: opposed in debate.

192. **Let me have men about me that are fat**, etc.: "*Cæsar* also had *Cassius* in great jealousie, and suspected him much: whereupon he said upon a time to his friends, what will *Cassius* do, think ye? I like not his pale looks. Another time, when *Cæsar's* friends complained unto him of *Antonius* and *Dolabella*, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them again: As for those fat men and smooth combed heads, quoth he, I never reckon of them: but these pale visaged and carrion lean People, I fear them most, meaning *Brutus* and *Cassius*." — NORTH'S PLUTARCH, *Life of Cæsar*.

"For intelligence being brought him one day that *Antonius* and *Dolabella* did conspire against him, he answered, That these fat long-haired men made him not afraid, but the lean and

whitely faced fellows, meaning by that *Brutus* and *Cassius*." — North's Plutarch, *Life of Brutus*.

"For it is reported that Cæsar answered one that did accuse Antonius and Dolabella unto him for some matter of conspiracy: 'Tush,' said he, 'they be not those fat fellows and fine-combed men that I fear, but I mistrust rather these pale and lean men,' meaning by that Brutus and Cassius, who afterward conspired his death and slew him." — North's Plutarch, *Life of Marcus Antonius*.

197. **well given**: well-disposed.

199. **liable to**: subject to the imputation of.

204. **he hears no music**: cf. the passage in *The Merchant of Venice*: —

> "The man that hath no music in himself
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils."

220. **there was a crown offered him**: "When he [Antony] was come to *Cæsar*, he made his fellow Runners with him lift him up, and so he did put his Lawrell Crown upon his head, signifying thereby that he had deserved to be King. But *Cæsar*, making as though he refused it, turned away his head. The People were so rejoiced at it, that they all clapped their hands for joy. *Antonius* again did put it on his head: *Cæsar* again refused it; and thus they were striving off and on a great while together. As oft as *Antonius* did put this Lawrell Crown unto him, a few of his followers rejoyced at it: and as oft also as *Cæsar* refused it, all the People together clapped their hands. . . . *Cæsar* in a rage arose out of his Seat, and plucking down the choller of his Gown from his neck, he shewed it naked, bid-

ding any man strike off his head that would. This Lawrell Crown was afterwards put upon the head of one of *Cæsar's* Statues or Images, the which one of the Tribunes pluckt off. The People liked his doing therein so well, that they waited on him home to his house, with great clapping of hands. Howbeit *Cæsar* did turn them out of their offices for it." — PLUTARCH, *Life of Antony.*

229. **marry**: a corruption of "By Mary"; this petty oath was very common in Shakespeare's time.

245. **rabblement**: tumultuous crowd.

249. **swounded**: an old form of *swooned.*

255. **like**: likely. **he hath the falling sickness**: epilepsy. "For, concerning the constitution of his body, he was lean, white, and soft-skinned, and often subject to head-ach, and other while to the falling-sickness (the which took him the first time, as it is reported, in CORDUBA, a City of SPAIN), but yet therefore yielded not to the disease of his body, to make it a cloak to cherish him withal, but contrarily, took the pains of War, as a Medicine to cure his sick body, fighting alwaies with his disease."

Before one of his battles in Africa, he had an attack of this kind. "For as he did set his men in battel ray, the falling sicknesse took him, whereunto he was given; and therefore feeling it coming, before he was overcome withal, he was carried into a castell not far from thence where the battel was fought, and there took his rest til the extremity of his disease had left him." — NORTH'S PLUTARCH, *Julius Cæsar.*

260. **tag-rag**: good for nothing; literally, something made up of shreds and patches.

267. **plucked me ope his doublet**, etc.: "Thereupon also Cæsar rising, departed home to his house, and tearing open his dublet coller, making his necke bare, he cried out aloud to his friends, that his throte was readie to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported, that afterwards to excuse this folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying, that their wits are not perfit which haue this disease of the falling euill, when standing on their feet they speake to the common people, but are soone troubled with a trembling of their bodie, and a sodaine dimnesse and giddinesse." — Plutarch, *Julius Cæsar*.

The word *me* is employed to give vividness to the narration.

268. **An**: if. 269. **a man of any occupation**: a mechanic.

282. **he spoke Greek**: it is said that Cicero's recorded witticisms were generally spoken in Greek.

300. **quick**: bright. **metal**: in some editions this is "mettle"; but in Shakespeare's time these were two forms of the same word.

303. **tardy form**: slow, stupid manner.

311. **think of the world**: the world to a Roman was synonymous with Rome; hence this means, reflect on the condition of affairs in the Roman state.

317. **bear me hard**: dislikes me; feels unkindly toward me.

319. **He should not humor me**: there are two interpretations of this ambiguous clause: (1) He (Brutus) should not influence me; (2) He (Cæsar) should not influence me through his affection for me.

320. **In several hands**: in different handwritings.

324. **glanced at**: hinted at.

Scene III

1. **brought you?** did you accompany?

3. **sway**: constitution; realm.

4. **unfirm**: not steady. The reason for "unfirm" instead of "infirm" seems to be, as Abbott points out, that "we use the prefix *in* where we desire to make the negative a part of the word, and *un* where the separation is maintained."

12. **saucy with**: insolent toward.

14. **any thing more wonderful**: anything else unusual; or, "anything more wonderful than usual."

18. **not sensible of**: having no feeling of; not affected by.

20. **Against**: opposite to.

21. **glazed**: looked fiercely at; in some editions, *glared.*

22. **annoying**: injuring. **drawn upon a heap**: crowded together as in a knot.

26. **bird of night**: the owl. Pliny says, "The scritch-owl betokeneth alwaies some heavie newes." — Holland's Translation.

32. **climate**: region.

33. **strange-disposed**: strangely ordered.

35. **Clean from**: entirely contrary to.

42. **What night**: *what a night.*

47. **Submitting me**: exposing myself.

48. **unbraced**: with the garment unfastened.

49. **thunder-stone**: a fossil stone, called the Belemnite or Finger-stone. It was anciently believed to be a product of the thunder. We still use the expression, *thunder-bolt.*

50. **cross**: zigzag, or forked lightning.

60. **cast yourself in**: abandon yourself to.

64. **from quality and kind**: contrary to their disposition and nature.

66. **ordinance**: ordained nature and habits.

77. **prodigious**: unnatural and, therefore, portentous.

78. **eruptions**: outbreaks.

88. **save here in Italy**: Italy is excepted, because, after the expulsion of the Tarquins, monarchy was forbidden among the Romans.

114. **My answer must be made**: I shall have to answer for what I have said.

117. **fleering**: deceitful; treacherous.

118. **Be factious**: form a conspiracy.

123. **undergo**: undertake.

126. **Pompey's porch**: "In 55 B.C. Pompey built the first stone theatre in Rome, near the Campus Martius. It was of great beauty and capacity, holding forty thousand persons; and in one of the porches about it was a statue erected by the city in honor of Pompey. According to Plutarch it was in this theatre, not in the Capitol, that Cæsar was assassinated."

128. **complexion**: character. **element**: heavens.

129. **favor**: appearance; aspect.

135. **incorporate**: united with us.

142. **take this paper**, etc.: "But for *Brutus*, his friends and Countreymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumors of the City, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor *Junius Brutus* (that drave the Kings out of Rome) they wrote: O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, *Brutus!* and again, That thou were here among us now! His tribunal or

chair, where he gave audience during the time he was Prætor, was full of such bills: *Brutus* thou art asleep, and art not *Brutus* indeed." — PLUTARCH, *Life of Brutus.*

159. **like richest alchemy**: an allusion to the belief that, by some chemical process, other metals could be changed into gold.

162. **conceited**: estimated; judged.

ACT II

SCENE I

STAGE DIRECTION. — **Brutus's orchard**: probably garden.

11. **spurn at**: kick or strike at.

12. **the general**: the public good.

17. **do danger**: do something dangerous; **do harm.**

19. **Remorse**: mercy.

20. **affections**: feelings; passions.

28. **quarrel**: complaint; attack.

29. **Will bear no color**: can find no sufficient pretext.

35. **closet**: private room.

44. **exhalations**: meteors; flashes of lightning.

65. **phantasma**: vision; nightmare.

66. **The Genius and the mortal instruments**: the reason, or directive faculty, and the passions, which are thought of as death-dealing.

70. **your brother Cassius**: Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus. 72. **moe**: an old form of *more.*

73. **their hats are plucked**, etc.: Shakespeare represents the Romans as wearing the slouched hats of his own time.

83. **path**: walk.

84. **Erebus**: in Greek mythology, the place of utter darkness in the lower world.

85. **prevention**: discovery, or detection.

86. **we are too bold upon**: we intrude too freely upon.

108. **Weighing**: taking into account; considering. **youthful season**: early spring; before Cæsar reformed the calendar, the year began March 1. The legal year in England formerly commenced March 25.

114. **not an oath**: "The onely name and great Calling of *Brutus*, did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy; who having never taken Oaths together, nor taken nor given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious Oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding, the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by Predictions of Sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed." — Plutarch, *Life of Brutus*.

123. **What**: why.

125. **secret Romans**: those who have bound themselves in honor not to betray the secret.

126. **palter**: equivocate; trifle.

129. **cautelous**: crafty; treacherous.

130. **carrions**: wretches.

138. **several bastardy**: a separate and distinct act of treason showing him to be no true Roman.

144. **his silver hairs**: Cicero was then about sixty.

150. **let us not break with him**: let us not broach the subject to him. "For this cause they durst not acquaint *Cicero* with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved

dearly, and trusted best; for they were afraid that he, being a coward by nature, and age also having encreased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise, the which specially required hot and earnest execution." — PLUTARCH, *Life of Brutus*.

158. **A shrewd contriver**: a mischievous schemer.

160. **annoy**: destroy.

164. **envy**: malice.

178. **envious**: malicious.

190. **There is no fear in him**: no reason why we should fear him.

192. **count the clock**: as there were no striking clocks in Roman days, Shakespeare is here speaking from the standpoint of English custom.

195. **he is superstitious grown**: "Yet Cæsar, free-thinker as he was, could not escape the general thraldom of superstition. He crawled on his knees up the steps of the temple of Venus to propitiate Nemesis. Before the battle of Pharsalia, he addressed a prayer to the gods whom he denied in the Senate and derided among his associates. He appealed to the omens before passing the Rubicon. He carried about with him in Africa a certain Cornelius, — a man of no personal distinction, but whose name might be deemed auspicious on the battle-field of Scipio and Sulla." — MERIVALE, II., 354.

196. **Quite from the main opinion**: contrary to his usual firm belief.

197. **fantasy**: unreasonable fancies. **ceremonies**: omens deduced from sacrifices.

198. **apparent**: manifest.

203. **o'ersway**: overrule his determination.

204. **That unicorns**, etc.: Steevens says: "Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was dispatched by the hunter." "Bears," adds Steevens, "are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed." — See Pliny, *Natural History*, Book VIII. (Rolfe.)

215. **Caius Ligarius**: "Now amongst *Pompey's* friends, there was one called *Caius Ligarius*, who had been accused unto *Cæsar* for taking part with *Pompey*, and *Cæsar* discharged him. But *Ligarius* thanked not *Cæsar* so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannicall power. And, therefore, in his heart he was alway his mortall enemy, and was besides very familiar with *Brutus*, who went to see him being sick in his bed, and said unto him: *Ligarius*, in what a time art thou sick! *Ligarius* rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said unto him: *Brutus* (said he) if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole." — Plutarch, *Life of Brutus*.

225. **put on our purposes**: show our intentions.

226. **bear it**: carry ourselves.

227. **formal constancy**: outward self-possession.

231. **figures**: dream-images.

254. **prevailed on your condition**: influenced your temper.

261. **physical**: wholesome; adapted to cure.

266. **rheumy**: moist; tending to induce disease.

268. **sick offence**: trouble that causes sickness.

271. **charm**: conjure; entreat.

295. **Cato's daughter**: Cato was preëminently distinguished by integrity, honor, and a stern insistence upon the principles of virtue. He belonged to the party of Pompey, and after the disastrous defeat at Thapsus, 46 B.C., he fell upon his sword, rather than submit to Cæsar, who, on his part, desired to have the opportunity of pardoning him.

296. **Think you I am no stronger**, etc.: "This young Lady being excellently well seen in Philosophy, loving her Husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise: because she would not ask her Husband what he ayled, before she had made some proof by herself: she took a little Razor, such as Barbers occupy to pare mens nails, and causing her Maids and Women to go out of her Chamber gave herself a great gash withall in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore bloud: and incontinently after, a vehement Feaver took her, by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her Husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all, she spake in this sort unto him: 'I being, O *Brutus* (said she) the daughter of *Cato*, was married unto thee; not to be thy bedfellow, and Companion in bed and at board onely, like a Harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evill Fortune. Now for thy self, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our

match: but for my part, how may I show my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee, which requireth secresie and fidelity. I confess, that a Womans wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely: but yet (*Brutus*) good education, and the company of vertuous men, have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for my self, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the Daughter of *Cato*, and Wife of *Brutus*. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, untill that now I have found by experience, that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me.' With those words she shewed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove her self. *Brutus* was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and lifting up his hands to Heaven, he besought the goddesses to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass, that he might be found a Husband, worthy of so noble a Wife as *Porcia:* so he then did comfort her the best he could." — Plutarch, *Life of Brutus.*

308. **charactery**: expression.

313. **Vouchsafe**: deign to receive.

315. **wear a kerchief**: Sprague says: "Shakespeare assigns to Rome the English customs." "If any there be sick, they make him a posset, and tie a kerchief on his head, and if that will not mend him, then God be merciful to him!" — Fuller, *Worthies of England.*

323. **exorcist**: this word, which generally means one who expels or drives out spirits, is here used to mean one who calls up the spirit.

324. **mortified**: deadened, or seemingly dead.

SCENE II

2. **Thrice hath Calpurnia**, etc.: "He heard his wife *Calpurnia*, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many fumbling lamentable speeches: for she dreamed that *Cæsar* was slain, and that she had him in her Arms. . . . Insomuch that *Cæsar* rising in the morning, she prayed him if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the Session of the Senate untill another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her Dream, yet that he would search further of the Soothsayers by their Sacrifices, to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that *Cæsar* likewise did fear or suspect somewhat, because his Wife *Calpurnia* untill that time was never given to any fear and superstition: and that then he saw her so troubled in mind with this Dream she had. But much more afterwards, when the Soothsayers having sacrificed many Beasts one after another, told him that none did like them: then he determined to send *Antonius* to adjourn the Session of the Senate. But in the mean time came *Decius Brutus*, surnamed *Albinus*, in whom *Cæsar* put such confidence, that in his last Will and Testament he had appointed him to be his next Heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with *Cassius* and *Brutus:* he, fearing that if *Cæsar* did adjourn the Session that day, the conspiracy would be betrayed, laughed at the Soothsayers, and reproved *Cæsar*, saying, that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him King of all his Provinces of

the Empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his Diadem in all other places both by Sea and Land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him, they should depart for that present time, and return again when *Calpurnia* should have better Dreams, what would his Enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his Friends words?"

5. **present**: immediate.

6. **their opinions of success**: the opinions, as to my being successful in my undertaking, which they form from the circumstances attending the sacrifice. The principal points observed by the *haruspices*, or interpreters of signs, were the manner in which the victim approached the altar; the nature of the intestines (see lines 39, 40 below); the nature of the flame which consumed the sacrifice. *Success*, here, probably, a prosperous issue; the word is, however, more common in Elizabethan English for an issue whether good or bad, and in Shakespeare is qualified by such adjectives as "good," "bad," "best."

13. **stood on ceremonies**: was influenced by auguries or omens.

16. **the watch**: Wright has pointed out that "Shakespeare was thinking of his own London not of ancient Rome, where the night watchmen were not established before the time of Augustus."

25. **use**: ordinary custom.

32. **Cowards die**, etc.: Plutarch relates that when Cæsar's friends desired him to have a body-guard, he replied, "It is better to die once than always to be afraid of death."

56. **for thy humor**: to gratify your whim.

75. **stays**: detains.

89. **cognizance**: a distinguishing badge, a term used in heraldry.
103. **proceeding**: advancement.
104. **liable**: subordinate; subject to.
110. **stirred**: astir; up.
129. **yearns**: grieves.

Scene III

7. **security gives way to**: false confidence leaves the way open to.
13. **Out of the teeth of emulation**: without danger from the attacks of the envious.
15. **contrive**: conspire.

Scene IV

9. **counsel**: secrets.
18. **bustling rumor**: confused noise.
20. **Sooth**: truly; in truth.
36. **more void**: less crowded.
43. **commend me**: give my good wishes.

ACT III

Scene I

Stage Direction. — **Before the Capitol.** Cæsar is here represented as being assassinated in the Capitol instead of in Pompey's Theatre. "Furthermore, they [the conspirators] thought also that the appointment of the place where the Councill should

be kept, was chosen of purpose by divine Providence, and made all for them. For it was one of the Porches about the Theater, in which there was a certain place full of Seats for men to sit in; where also was set up the image of *Pompey*, which the City had made and consecrated in honour of him, when he did beautifie that part of the City with the Theater he built, with divers Porches about it. In this place was the assembly of the Senate appointed to be, just on the fifteenth of the Moneth *March*, which the Romans call, *Idus Martias:* so that it seemed some god of purpose had brought *Cæsar* thither to be slain, for revenge of *Pompey's* death." — Plutarch, *Life of Brutus.*

3. **schedule**: document.

6. **read mine first**: "And one *Artemidorus*, also born in the Isle of Gnidos, a Doctor of Rhetorick in the Greek Tongue, who, by means of his Profession, was very familiar with certain of *Brutus* Confederates; and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against *Cæsar*, came and brought him a little Bill written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He marking how *Cæsar* received all the Supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him pressed nearer to him, and said: *Cæsar*, read this Memorial to your self, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly. *Cæsar* took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of People that did salute him." — Plutarch, *Life of Cæsar.*

10. **give place**: make way; do not hinder our movements.

22. **constant**: calm.

28. **prefer**: present.

29. **addressed**: ready. **press near**, etc.: "So when he was set, the Conspiratours flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one *Tullius Cimber*, who made humble suit for the calling home again of his Brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessours for him, and took *Cæsar* by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. *Cæsar* at the first, simply refused their kindness and entreaties: but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then *Cimber*, with both his hands plucked *Cæsar's* Gown over his shoulders, and *Casca* that stood behind him, drew his Dagger first and strake *Cæsar* upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. *Cæsar* feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his Dagger in, and cried out, in Latine, O traytor *Casca*, what doest thou? *Casca* on the other side cried in Greek, and called his Brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to flie upon *Cæsar*, he looking about him to have fled, saw *Brutus* with a Sword drawn in his hands ready to strike at him: then he let *Casca's* hand go, and casting his Gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the Conspiratours thronging one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at him, so many Swords and Daggers lighting upon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them *Brutus* caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murthering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloudied. *Cæsar* being slain in this manner, *Brutus* standing in the middest of the house, would have spoken and staied the other Senatours that were not of the conspiracy, to have told them the reason why they had done this fact. But they as

men both afraid and amazed, fled, one upon anothers neck in hast to get out at the door, and no man followed them. For it was set down, and agreed between them, that they should kill no man but *Cæsar* onely, and should intreat all the rest to look to defend their liberty." — Plutarch, *Life of Brutus.*

39. **fond**: foolish.

51. **repealing**: recalling.

54. **freedom of repeal**: unconditional recall.

57. **enfranchisement**: freedom.

67. **apprehensive**: intelligent; possessing reason.

74. **Olympus**: a mountain of Thessaly, the mythical abode of the great gods of Greece.

77. **Et tu, Brute?** Thou too, my son? This expression has not been found in any account of Cæsar's assassination written by a Latin author, but its equivalent, *καὶ σύ, τέκνον* (and thou, my son) is given in a Greek version by Suetonius.

80. **pulpits**: the Rostra in the Forum, from which any one was at liberty to address the common people.

94. **abide**: be held responsible for.

115. **on Pompey's basis**: at the base of Pompey's statue.

131. **be resolved**: be fully informed.

136. **Thorough**: an old form of through.

145. **my misgiving still**, etc.: my apprehensions always with sharp insight hit the mark.

152. **rank**: suffering from excess of blood, *i.e.*, overmuch power.

160. **apt**: ready, or willing.

174. **in strength of malice**: "even in the intensity of our hatred of Cæsar's tyranny." — Rolfe.

181. **deliver**: explain.

192. **conceit**: regard.

196. **dearer**: more deeply.

204. **bayed**: brought to a stand by enemies.

206. **Signed in**: marked with. **lethe**: oblivion, *i.e.*, of death. Lethe is the name given by Homer to a river in the lower world, a drink of whose waters caused entire loss of memory.

213. **cold modesty**: moderation in speech.

216. **pricked**: numbered by the sharp point of the stylus, or pen.

224. **good regard**: sufficient cause.

243. **fall**: befall; happen.

271. **Ate**: the goddess of revenge.

272. **confines**: borders; territories.

273. **Cry "Havoc"**: "In old times, this cry was the signal that no quarter was to be given." — Rolfe. **the dogs of war**: this is thought to mean fire, sword, and famine. Cf. *Henry V.*, 2, Chorus: —

> "Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
> Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
> Leashed in like hounds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire
> Crouch for employment."

283. **Passion**: sorrow.

289. **Octavius**: Caius Octavius, afterward known as Augustus, was nephew of Julius Cæsar, by whom he was sent, 45 B.C., to Apollonia in Illyricum, where some legions were quartered, that he might acquire a more thorough training in military affairs. He was at Apollonia when the news reached him of his uncle's murder, and forthwith set out for Italy. On

landing he learnt that Cæsar had adopted him in his will and made him his heir, in consequence of which he took the name of Cæsar.

293. **In my oration:** it was customary for some friend of the deceased to pronounce a funeral oration in a public place.

Scene II

"Now, at the first time when the murther was newly done, there were suddain outcries of People that ran up and down the City, the which indeed did the more increase the fear and tumult. But when they saw they slew no man, neither did spoil nor make havock of anything, then certain of the Senatours, and many of the People emboldening themselves, went to the Capitoll unto them. There a great number of men being assembled together one after another, *Brutus* made an Oration unto them to win the favour of the People, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by, said they had done well, and cried unto them, that they should boldly come down from the Capitoll: whereupon *Brutus* and his Companions came boldly down into the Market-place. The rest followed in Troop, but *Brutus* went foremost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the City, which brought him from the Capitoll, through the Market-place, to the Pulpit for Orations. When the People saw him in the Pulpit, although they were a multitude of rake-hels of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir: yet being ashamed to do it, for the reverence they bare unto *Brutus*, they kept silent to hear what he would say: when *Brutus* began to speak,

they gave him quiet audience: Howbeit immediately after, they shewed that they were not all contented with the murther. For when another called *Cinna* would have spoken, and began to accuse *Cæsar*, they fell into a great uprore among them, and marvellously reviled him. Insomuch that the Conspiratours returned again into the Capitoll. There *Brutus* being afraid to be besieged, sent back again the Noblemen that came thither with him, thinking it no reason, that they which were no partakers of the murther, should be partakers of the danger. . . .

"Then *Antonius* thinking good his Testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger-mugger, lest the People might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise: *Cassius* stoutly spake against it. But *Brutus* went with the motion, and agreed unto it: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For the first fault he did, was when he would not consent to his fellow Conspiratours that *Antonius* should be slain: and therefore he was justly accused, that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous Enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was, when he agreed that *Cæsars* Funerals should be as *Antonius* would have them, the which indeed marred all. For first of all, when *Cæsars* Testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every Citizen of Rome seventy-five Drachma's a man; and that he left his Gardens and Arbors unto the People, which he had on this side of the River Tyber, in the place where now the Temple of Fortune is built: the people then loved him, and were marvellously sorry for him. Afterwards when *Cæsars* body was brought into the Market-place, *Anto-*

nius making his Funerall Oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient Custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common People to compassion, he framed his Eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking *Cæsars* Gown all bloudy in his hand, he layed it open to the sight of them all, shewing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithall the People fell presently into such a rage and mutiny that there was no more order kept amongst the common People. For some of them cried out, 'Kill the murtherers:' others plucked up Forms, Tables, and Stalls about the Market-place, and having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt in the middest of the most holy places." — Plutarch, *Life of Brutus.*

10. **severally**: separately.

16. **censure**: judge.

17. **awake your senses.**: let your intelligence be active.

31. **rude**: barbarous.

39. **question**: statement of the reasons for. **enrolled**: recorded.

40. **extenuated**: diminished; depreciated.

41. **enforced**: exaggerated; unduly dwelt upon.

59. **Do grace to**: show respect for.

67. **beholding**: beholden; under obligation.

82. **answered it**: atoned for it.

116. **dear abide it**: atone for it dearly.

135. **napkins**: handkerchiefs.

152. **o'ershot myself**: gone too far.

174. **That day he overcame the Nervii.** Summer, 57 B.C.

"They lived in French Flanders, and in Hainault, Belgium. The Belgians were the bravest of the Gauls, and the Nervii the bravest of the Belgians. The battle was fought on the banks of the Sambre, not far from Waterloo and Sedan. Cæsar's army was taken by surprise, and it was only saved by his personal bravery, united with consummate skill. The enemy fought to the death and were annihilated. 'Of six hundred senators, we have lost all but three; of sixty thousand fighting men, five hundred only remain,' said the committee of elders and women in their petition to Cæsar for clemency. Antony, who did not join Cæsar in Gaul till three years later, is very artful in this indirect appeal to the pride which every Roman felt in the military glory of the nation. — The 'mantle' of course was the purple-bordered toga, and Cæsar would have no use for it in the far north." — SPRAGUE.

193. **flourished**: triumphed.

195. **dint**: force; impression.

213. **private griefs**: personal grievances.

243. **seventy-five drachmas**: the drachma was a Greek coin, worth about 18.6 cents. The entire amount bequeathed to each person was about $14, but its equivalent in purchasing power to-day is nearly $100.

266. **straight**: immediately; straightway.

267. **upon a wish**: in response to a wish.

271. **Belike**: probably. **notice of**: information concerning

SCENE III

1. **I dreamt**, etc.: "One Cinna, a friend of Cæsar's, had a strange dream the preceding night. He dreamed, as they tell

us, that Cæsar invited him to supper, and, upon his refusal to go, caught him by the hand and drew him after him in spite of all the resistance he could make." — Plutarch.

2. **things unluckily**, etc.: omens of evil burden my mind.

18. **bear me a bang**: receive a blow from me.

34. **turn him going**: send him away.

ACT IV

Scene I

Stage Direction. — **A house in Rome.** Historically, the meeting which forms the theme of this scene took place nineteen months after Cæsar's death, on a small island in the river Rhine, near the site of the present city of Bologna. Here what is known as the "second triumvirate," composed of Antony, Lepidus, and Octavius, was agreed upon.

1. **These many**, etc.: "Thereupon all three met together (to wit, *Cæsar, Antonius*, and *Lepidus*) in an Island environed round about with a little River, and there remained three days together. Now as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, and did divide all the Empire of Rome between them, as if it had been their own Inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for every one of them would kill their Enemies, and save their Kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be revenged of their Enemies, they spurned all reverence of Blood, and holiness of friendship at their feet. For *Cæsar* left *Cicero* to *Antonius* will, *Antonius* also forsook *Lucius Cæsar*,

who was his Uncle by his Mother: and both of them together suffered *Lepidus* to kill his own Brother *Paulus*. Yet some Writers affirm, that *Cæsar* and *Antonius* requested *Paulus* might be slain, and that *Lepidus* was contented with it. In my Opinion there was never a more horrible, unnatural, and crueller change than this was. For thus changing murther for murther, they did as well kill those whom they did forsake and leave unto others, as those also which others left unto them to kill: but so much more was their wickedness and cruelty great unto their friends, for that they did put them to death being innocents, and having no cause to hate them."—PLUTARCH, *Life of Antony*.

6. **damn**: condemn to death.

12. **slight**: insignificant. **unmeritable**: undeserving.

34. **taste**: sense; degree.

36. **one that feeds**, etc.: one that is willing to subsist upon refuse and fragments and who is incapable of independent thinking.

40. **property**: material thing.

42. **straight make head**: at once make ourselves ready to resist.

47. **surest answered**: most certainly overcome.

SCENE II

"About that time Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the city of Sardis, and so he did. Brutus, understanding of his coming, went to meet him with all his friends. There both their armies being armed, they called them both *Emperors*.

Now, as it commonly happened in great affairs between two persons, both of them having many friends and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another." — Plutarch, *Life of Brutus.*

2. **word**: watchword.
5. **do you salutation**: greet you.
8. **worthy**: sufficient.
10. **shall be satisfied**: shall receive satisfaction.
16. **familiar instances**: marks of friendship.
26. **jades**: worthless horses.
41. **content**: calm.
46. **enlarge your griefs**: state your grievances fully.

Scene III

"The next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and note Lucius Pella for a defamed person, that had been a Prætor of the Romans, and whom Brutus had given charge unto: for that he was accused and convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked Cassius, because he himself had secretly (not many days before) warned two of his friends, attainted and convicted of the like offences, and openly had cleared them: but yet he did not therefore leave to employ them in any manner of service as he did before. And therefore he greatly reproved Brutus, for that he would

shew himself so straight [*strait*] and severe, in such a time as was meeter to bear a little than to take things at the worst. Brutus in contrary manner answered, that he should remember the Ides of March, at which time they slew Julius Cæsar, who neither pilled nor polled the country, but only was a favourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoil, by his countenance and authority. And if there were any occasion whereby they might honestly set aside justice and equity, they should have had more reason to have suffered Cæsar's friends to have robbed and done what wrong and injury they had would [*wished*] than to bear with their own men. 'For then,' said he, 'they could but have said we had been cowards, but now they may accuse us of injustice, beside the pains we take, and the danger we put ourselves into.' And thus may we see what Brutus' intent and purpose was. . . ." — PLUTARCH, *Life of Brutus*.

2. **noted**: disgraced.
8. **nice**: trivial. **bear his comment**: receive condemnation.
10. **condemned to have**: accused of having.
28. **bait**: irritate.
30. **hedge me in**: attempt to put me under restraint.
35. **Urge**: provoke.
44. **budge**: move at your command.
45. **observe**: treat with reverence.
58. **moved**: angered.
69. **respect**: heed.
75. **indirection**: dishonest means.
80. **rascal**: worthless. **counters**: round pieces of metal used in reckoning.

97. **checked like a bondman**: chidden as if he were a slave.

102. **Plutus**: the god of riches.

109. **dishonor shall be humor**: insult shall be attributed to ill temper.

112. **much enforced**: struck hard.

125. **grudge**: ill feeling.

137. **jigging**: rhyming; ballad-writing.

156. **swallowed fire**: "Took hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself." — Plutarch.

165. **call in question**: discuss.

170. **Bending their expedition**: directing their march.

194. **in art**: theoretically.

196. **alive**: that concerns the living.

220. **Omitted**: neglected; not employed.

228. **niggard**: supply sparingly.

241. **o'er watched**: worn out with watching.

274. **Where I left reading**: "*Brutus* was a careful man, and slept very little, both for that his Diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the day time, and in the night no longer than the time he was driven to be alone, and when every body else took their rest. But now whilst he was in War, and his head over-busily occupied to think of his affairs, and what would happen, after he had slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest Causes; and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leasure left him, he would read some Book till the third Watch of the night, at what time the Captains, petty Captains and Colonels, did use to come to him.

So, being ready to go into EUROPE, one night very late (when all the Camp took quiet rest) as he was in his Tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and casting his eye towards the door of his Tent, that he saw a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So *Brutus* boldly asked what he was, a God or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The Spirit answered him, I am thy evill Spirit, *Brutus:* and thou shalt see me by the City of PHILIPPES. *Brutus* being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it: Well, then I shall see thee again. The Spirit presently vanished away: and *Brutus* called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw any thing at all."

307. **commend me**: greet from me.

ACT V

SCENE I

4. **battles**: troops; battalions.

5. **warn**: challenge; summon to battle.

14. **bloody sign of battle**: "the signal of battle was an arming scarlet coat."

19. **exigent**: exigency; time of urgent need.

24. **answer on their charge**: meet them when they attack.

34. **Hybla bees**: Hybla in Sicily was noted for excellent honey.

53. **three and thirty wounds**: the number given by Plutarch

is twenty-three, but poetry must not be held to mathematical accuracy.

54. **another Cæsar**: Octavius had assumed the name, *Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus*.

59. **strain**: race.

60. **more honorable**: in a more honorable manner.

66. **stomachs**: appetites; inclination or courage.

77. **Epicurus**: a Greek philosopher who maintained that the gods did not concern themselves with the affairs of this world.

80. **former**: foremost.

83. **consorted**: accompanied.

92. **very constantly**: with firmness, or resolution.

97. **reason with the worst that may befall**: consider what evils may come to us. There *Cassius* began to speak first, and said: "The gods grant us O *Brutus*, that this day we may win the Field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it, that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that if the Battell fall out otherwise to day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do, to flie, or die? *Brutus* answered him, being yet but a young man, and not over greatly experienced in the world, I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of Philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove *Cato* for killing himself, as being no lawfull nor godly act, touching the gods: nor concerning men, valiant; not to give place and yeeld to divine Providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and

flie: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind. For, if it be not the will of God that this Battell fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune." — PLUTARCH, *Life of Brutus*.

105. **fall**: happen. **prevent**: anticipate.

106. **The time of life**: the natural close of life.

109. **contented**: willing.

SCENE II

1. **bills**: written orders.

3. **set on**: attack.

4. **cold demeanor**: no evident desire to fight.

SCENE III

This scene follows Plutarch's account very closely.

"First of all he (*Cassius*) was marvellous angry to see how Brutus' men ran to give charge upon their enemies, and tarried not for the word of the Battell, nor commandment to give charge: and it grieved him beside, that after he had overcome them, his men fell straight to spoil, and were not carefull to compass in the rest of the Enemies behind: but with tarrying too long also, more than through the valiantness or foresight of the Captains his Enemies, *Cassius* found himself compassed in with the right wing of his Enemies Army. Whereupon his horsemen brake immediately, and fled for life towards the Sea. Furthermore, perceiving his Footmen to give ground, he did

what he could to keep them from flying, and took an Ensign from one of the Ensign-Bearers that fled, and stuck it fast at his feet: although with much ado he could scant keep his own Guard together. So *Cassius* himself was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, unto a little Hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain: howbeit *Cassius* himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the Enemies spoiled his Camp before his eyes. He saw also a great Troop of Horsemen, whom *Brutus* sent to aid him, and thought that they were his Enemies that followed him: but yet he sent *Titinnius*, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. *Brutus* horsemen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of *Cassius* chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy, and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their Horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horse-back, with Songs of Victory, and great rushing of their Harness, so that they made all the Field ring again for joy. But this marred all. For *Cassius* thinking indeed that *Titinnius* was taken of the Enemies, he then spake these words: Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he got into a Tent where nobody was, and took *Pindarus* with him, one of his Bondmen whom he reserved ever for such a pitch, since the cursed battle of the Parthians where *Crassus* was slain, though he notwithstanding scaped from that overthrow: but then casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto *Pindarus*, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found

severed from the body: but after that time *Pindarus* was never seen more. Whereupon, some took occasion to say that he had slain his master without his commandment. By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see *Titinnius* crowned with a Garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto *Cassius*. But when he perceived, by the cries and tears of his friends which tormented themselves, the misfortune which had chanced to his Captain *Cassius* by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and slew himself presently in the field. *Brutus* in the mean time came forward still, and understood also that *Cassius* had been overthrown: but he knew nothing of his death, till he came very near to his Camp. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of *Cassius*, calling him the last of all the Romans; being impossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he: he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of Thassos, fearing lest his funerals within the Camp should cause great disorder. . . ." — Plutarch, *Life of Brutus*.

41. **be a freeman**: when about to die, it was customary for Romans to free faithful slaves.

42. **search**: probe; pierce.

51. **change**: gain on one side offset by gain on the other.

65. **Mistrust**: doubt.

68. **apt**: ready to believe.

106. **discomfort**: dishearten.

Scene IV

9. O young and noble Cato, art thou down? "There was the son of *Marcus Cato* slain, valiantly fighting among the lusty youths. For, notwithstanding that he was very weary and over-harried, yet would he not therefore fly, but manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name, and also his fathers name, at length he was beaten down among many other dead bodies of his enemies which he had slain round about him." — Plutarch.

Scene V

17. The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me, etc.: "The second Battell being at hand, this Spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon *Brutus* knowing that he should die, did put himself to all hazard in Battell, but yet fighting could not be slain." — Plutarch, *Life of Brutus*.

31. "Now the night being far spent, Brutus as he sat bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear: the other answered him not, but fell a-weeping. Thereupon he proved [*spoke to*] Dardanus, and said somewhat also to him: at length he came to Volumnius himself, and speaking to him in Greek, prayed him for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others: and amongst the rest, one of them said, there was no tarrying for them there,

but that they must needs fly. Then Brutus, rising up, 'We must fly indeed,' said he, 'but it must be with our hands, not with our feet.' Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful countenance: 'It rejoiceth my heart, that not one of my friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake: for as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I have a perpetual fame of our courage and manhood, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attain unto by force or money; neither can let [*hinder*] their posterity to say that they, being naughty and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannical power not pertaining to them.' Having said so, he prayed every man to shift for themselves, and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among which Strato was one, with whom he became first acquainted by the study of rhetoric. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he, but Strato (at his request) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that Brutus fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently." — PLUTARCH, *Life of Brutus*.

45. **of a good respect**: worthy of esteem.

46. **smatch**: tincture; taste.

61. **bestow thy time with**: give your service to.

62. **prefer**: recommend.

66. "Messala, that had been Brutus' great friend, became afterwards Octavius Cæsar's friend; so, shortly after, Cæsar being at good leisure, he brought Strato, Brutus' friend, unto

him, and weeping said: 'Cæsar, behold, here is he that did the last service to my Brutus.' Cæsar welcomed him at that time, and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any Grecian else he had about him, until the battle of Actium." — Plutarch, *Life of Brutus.*

80. **field**: army.

GRAMMATICAL PECULIARITIES IN THE PLAY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

In reading Shakespeare the student discovers frequent differences between the English of the dramatist and that to which he is accustomed. In order to reconcile these peculiarities with good usage, some knowledge of Elizabethan English is needed. Professor Abbott, whose work, *Shakespearian Grammar*, is authority in this matter, thus accounts for the forms which characterize Elizabethan English: "It must be remembered that the Elizabethan was a transitional period in the history of the English language. On the one hand, there was the influx of new discoveries and new thoughts requiring, as their equivalent, the coinage of new words; on the other hand, the revival of classical studies, and the popularity of translations from Latin and Greek authors, suggested Latin and Greek words (but principally Latin) as the readiest and most malleable metal, or rather as so many ready-made coins requiring only a slight national stamp to prepare them for the proposed augmentation of the currency of the language. . . . But, for the most part, the influence of the classical languages was confined to single words and to the rhythm of the sentence. The syntax was mostly English, both in its origin and its development." The subjoined list of peculiarities of grammatical usage, found in the

play of *Julius Cæsar*, is taken from Professor Abbott's classified notes of Shakespearian English. In each case reference is made to the text.

I. "Almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech." — ABBOTT.

a. "Adjectives are freely used as adverbs" : —

"Some will *dear* abide it." — III., 2, 116.
"Thou couldst not die more *honorable*." — V., 1, 60.

b. Proper names are used as adjectives : —

"Draw them to *Tiber* banks." — I., 1, 61.
"Here in *Philippi* fields." — V., 5, 19.

c. The noun is used as a verb : —

"We will *niggard* with a little rest." — IV., 3, 228.
"Being so *fathered* and so *husbanded*." — II., 1, 297.

II. ELLIPSES. — The writers of the Elizabethan age desired brevity especially. This desire led to the use of many elliptical expressions. "The Elizabethan authors objected to scarcely any ellipsis, provided the deficiency could be easily supplied from the context." — ABBOTT.

a. The pronoun subject is frequently omitted : —

"But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?" — I., 1, 30.

b. An infinitive is often omitted : —

"Vouchsafe (to receive) good-morrow from a feeble tongue." — II., 1, 313.

c. "To" is sometimes omitted before the infinitive. This is due to the process of change from the Early English in which the infinitive was inflected with the ending *en*.

As this ending gradually gave place to the sign *to*, some confusion resulted, and after certain auxiliaries, neither sign was used : —

"You ought not walk." — I., 1, 3.
"So please him come." — III., 1, 140.

d. After *will* and *is* an ellipsis occurs : —

"Is not (fit) to walk in." — I., 3, 40.

e. There may be an ellipsis of *it is*, or *there is* : —

"Give guess how near (it is) to day." — II., 1, 3.

f. "The relative is frequently omitted, especially where the antecedent clause is emphatic and evidently incomplete. This omission of the relative may, in part, have been suggested by the identity of the demonstrative *that* and the relative *that*." — ABBOTT.

"From that (to which) it is disposed." — I., 2, 314.
"Who's that (that) knocks?" — II., 1, 309.
"Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?" — II., 4, 30.
"Than (that of) secret Romans." — II., 1, 125.

In relatival constructions, *so . . . as*, *so . . . that*, one or both may be omitted : —

"None so poor (as) to do him reverence." — III., 2, 122.
"So much wrong (as) to wake thee." — IV., 3, 270.
"Be not (so) fond
(As) To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood."
— III., 1, 39–40.
(That) "Tiber trembled underneath her banks."
— I., 1, 48.

(That) "By no means I may discover them." — II., 1, 75.
(So) "That this foul deed shall smell above the earth."
— III., 1, 274.
"Now is that noble vessel (so) full of grief." — V., 5, 13.

g. "**A** was sometimes omitted after 'what' in the sense of 'what kind of.'" — ABBOTT.

"Cassius, what (a) night is this!" — I., 3, 42.

h. "**The** is omitted after prepositions in adverbial phrases."
— ABBOTT.

"He foamed at (the) mouth." — I., 2, 255.

i. There may be an ellipsis of an adverbial inflection: —

"Good gentlemen, look fresh(ly) and merrily."
— II., 1, 224.

j. The preposition is omitted: —

(1) After verbs of motion: —

"Ere we could arrive (at) the point proposed."
— I., 2, 110.

(2) After verbs and adjectives that imply worth: —

"What hath proceeded worthy (of) note to-day."
— I., 2, 181.

(3) After verbs of hearing: —

"Listen great things." — IV., 1, 41.

(4) In adverbial expressions: —

(5) (Of) "What trade art thou?" — I., 1, 5.
"On this side Tiber." — III., 2, 250.

III. PRONOUNS. — "The inflections of Personal Pronouns are frequently neglected or misused. Sometimes euphony and em-

phasis may have successfully contended against grammar." — ABBOTT.

a. *Me* for *I*: —

"No mightier than thyself or *me*." — I., 3, 76.

b. The genitives, *his*, *her*, etc., may be used as antecedents of the relative: —

"In *his* way that comes in triumph over Pompey's blood." — I., 1, 54.

c. *Me*, *thee*, etc., since they were dative forms in Early English, are often found with a preposition understood: —

"You'll bear (from) *me* a bang for that." — III., 3, 18.
"Plucked *me* ope his doublet." — I., 2, 267.

d. The objective case of personal pronouns is often used with the preposition *of* where modern usage would require the pronominal adjectives *his*, *their*, etc.: —

"O world, thou wast the forest to this heart,
And this indeed, O world, the heart of *thee*."
— III., 1, 208.

e. "*It* is sometimes used indefinitely, as the object of a verb without referring to anything previously mentioned." — ABBOTT.

"Bear *it* as our Roman actors do." — II., 1, 226.

f. *Him*, *her*, *me*, etc., are often used for the compounds *himself*, *herself*, *myself*, etc.: —

"I'll get *me* to a place more void." — II., 4, 36.
"Let Cæsar seat *him* sure." — I., 2, 325.

g. After the words *but* and *save* the nominative case is often found. This is explained by considering these words as equivalent to the passive participle *excepted*, and the pronouns as in the nominative absolute : —

"But *we* the doers." — III., 1, 95.
"Save *I* alone." — III., 2, 63.
"All the conspirators, save only *he*." — V., 5, 69.

h. The usage of Early English accounts for such irregularities as "*You were best*," — III., 3, 12, — this being equivalent to "*It were best for you.*"

i. *Its* was rarely used in Shakespeare's time. As in Early English, *his* was used as the genitive of *it* as well as of *he* : —

"That same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose *his* lustre." — I., 2, 124.
"That every nice offence should bear *his* comment."
— IV., 3, 8.

j. "Verbs followed by *thee* have been called reflexive. But it is probable that this is to be explained by euphonic reasons." — ABBOTT.

"Hold *thee*, take this garland on thy brow." — V., 3, 85.
"Hark *thee*, Clitus." — V., 5, 5.

k. *Thou* and *you*. In Shakespeare's time these two pronouns were used much as their corresponding forms in German are used to-day. "*Thou* was the pronoun of (1) affection towards friends ; (2) good-humored superiority towards servants ; (3) contempt or anger to strangers. It had, however, already fallen somewhat

into disuse, and, being regarded as archaic, was naturally adopted (4) in the higher poetic style and in the language of solemn prayer. Fathers almost always address their sons with *thou;* sons their fathers with *you.* In the high Roman style, Brutus and Portia use *you.* When the appellative 'sir' is used, even in anger, *thou* generally gives place to *you.*" — ABBOTT.

Thou is often used in statements and requests, while *you* is used in sentences where there is no direct appeal to the person addressed: —

> "Give me *thy* hand, Messala;
> Be *thou* my witness that against my will . . .
> *You* know that I held Epicurus strong." — V., 1. 72–76.

In Elizabethan English *ye* is the plural pronoun, and is generally used, according to Abbott, in questions, entreaties, and rhetorical appeals; in other cases, *you* is found: —

> "I do beseech *ye*, if *you* bear me hard." — III., 1, 157.

Most of the cases in which these pronouns occur in *Julius Cæsar* can be accounted for by the above principles.

l. The relative pronoun *who* is often equivalent to "and he," or "for he": —

> "Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard
> *Who* rated him for speaking well of Pompey."
> — II., 1, 215.

m. *Who* is often used of animals and inanimate objects: —

> "Against the Capitol I met a lion,
> *Who* glazed upon me." — I., 3, 21.

"That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced," etc. — IV., 3, 112.
"Two mighty eagles . . .
Who to Philippi here consorted us." — V., 1, 83.

n. *As* was used with *that* where we use *which* : —

"I have not from your eyes *that* gentleness
As I was wont to have." — I., 2, 34.

"Under *these* hard conditions *as* this time." — I., 2, 174.

o. *What* is used for *why* : —

"*What* need we any spur but our own cause?" — II., 1, 123.

p. *The which* is sometimes found where the antecedent is repeated or could be readily supplied : —

"According to *the which*, thou shalt discourse." — III., 1, 295.

IV. Verbs and Verbals. — The peculiarities of the verb in Elizabethan English are largely due to the process of change from the forms of Early English.

a. Auxiliaries did not then always have the same force as to-day. *Were* is subjunctive and expresses concession in : —

"If it *were* so it was a grievous fault." — III., 2, 81.

Do was used in the sense of "cause," "make," etc., and in this case it was often transitive : —

"To *do* you salutation from his master." — IV., 2, 5.

May originally meant "to be able" : —

"That by no means I *may* discover them." — II., 1, 75.

Should is frequently used to express contingent futurity : —

"Cæsar *should* be a beast without a heart." — II., 2, 42.

also in direct questions about the past : —

"What *should* be in that Cæsar?" — I., 2, 142.

b. "In Early English, there were three forms of the plural inflection of verbs, — the Northern in *es*, the Midland in *en*, and the Southern in *eth*." — ABBOTT.

Shakespeare frequently uses the first form, as in : —

"Three parts of him *is* ours." — I., 3, 154.

"There is" is frequently followed by a plural subject : —

"There'*s* two or three of us." — I., 3, 138.
"There *is* tears." — III., 2, 27.

"Neither . . . nor" takes a plural verb : —

"Nor heaven nor earth *have* been at peace." — II., 2, 1.

c. What is called "confusion of proximity," where the verb is made to agree with the nearest noun, is not uncommon : —

"The posture of your blows *are* yet unknown." — V., 1, 33.

d. The verb in a relative clause is often singular when the antecedent is plural, and in the third person, although the antecedent be in the first or second person : —

"You are the first that *rears* your hand." — III., 1, 30.

e. The sequence of tenses is not always observed : —

"To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath." — II., 1, 136.

f. The subjunctive is sometimes used conditionally by placing the verb before the subject: —

"*Live* a thousand years." — III., 1, 159.

Be is used for *are* in: —

"Such men as he *be* never at heart's ease." — I., 2, 208.

g. "The infinitive active is often found where we use the passive." — ABBOTT. "What's *to do?*" — II., 1, 326.

h. Owing to the tendency to drop the inflection *en*, the Elizabethan authors frequently used the curtailed forms of past participles, as "have took," — II., 1, 50; "have mistook," — I., 2, 48; "are rid," — III., 2, 270; "distract," — IV., 3, 155; "writ," — IV., 3, 183; "have beat," — V., 5, 23; "You've stole," — II., 1, 238.

i. Shakespeare sometimes uses the ending of the present participle for that of the past participle: —

"I am much *beholding* to you." — III., 2, 67.

j. *To* was originally the sign of the gerund, and though it, in time, came to serve as the sign of the infinitive, we find the infinitive construction where modern usage would require the gerund with some other preposition: "To think that," — II., 1, 135; "to be thus waited for," — II., 2, 119; "to mourn for him," — III., 2, 105; "To walk abroad," — III., 2, 252; "to tell you of it," — III., 2, 152.

V. ADVERBS. — "Some adverbs ending in 's' are formed from the possessive case of nouns." — ABBOTT.

"That *needs* must light on this ingratitude." — I., 1, 58.

After is used as we use afterward : —

"And *after* scandal them." — I., 2, 76.

Much was used as an adverb : —

"I am *much* forgetful." — IV., 3, 255.

Nothing is often used adverbially : —

"I am *nothing* jealous." — I., 2, 162.

So is used for *also* : — "*So* to most noble Cæsar." — II., 2, 118.

"*What* and *when* are often used as exclamations of impatience." — ABBOTT.

"*What*, Lucius, ho!" — II., 1, 1.
"*When*, Lucius, *when?*" — II., 1, 5.

VI. CONJUNCTIONS.

a. *And* is sometimes used in the sense of "yes."

"*And* so it is." — I., 2, 307.

b. *And* or *an* is used in the sense of "if."

"*An't* please you." — IV., 3, 258.
"*An* I had been a man of any occupation." — I., 2, 268.

c. "*As* appears to be (though it is not) used by Shakespeare for 'as if.' The 'if' is implied in the subjunctive." — ABBOTT.

"*As* it were doomsday." — III., 1, 98.
"As rushing out of doors." — III., 2, 180.

d. "*As* is apparently used redundantly with definitions of time." — ABBOTT.

"This is my birthday, *as* this very day
Was Cassius born." — V., 1, 72.

e. *As* is used for "where" in: —

"Here, *as* I point my sword, the sun arises." — II., 1, 106.

f. "The different usages of *but* arise, (1) from its variations between the meaning of 'except,' 'unless,' and the adversative meaning 'on the other hand'; (2) from the fact that the negative before *but*, in the sense of 'except,' is sometimes omitted and at other times inserted." — ABBOTT.

But varies its position, thus frequently causing ambiguity: —

"And when you saw his chariot *but* appear." — I., 1, 46.
"I *but* believe it partly." — V., 1, 90.
"When there is in it *but* one only man." — I., 2, 157.

g. "*So* is used with the future and subjunctive to denote 'provided that.'" — ABBOTT.

"*So* please him come unto this place." — III., 1, 140.
"I would not, *so* with love I might entreat you." — I., 2, 166.

h. *Whiles* (genitive of *while*) means "of, or during, the time": —

"*Whiles* they behold a greater than themselves." — I., 2, 209.

i. "Just as *so* and *as* are affixed to *who*, *when*, *where*, in order to give a relative meaning to words that were originally interrogative, in the same way *that* was frequently affixed." — ABBOTT.

"When *that* the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept." — III., 2, 93.
"Lest *that* the people." — III., 1, 92.
"If *that* thou be'st a Roman." — IV., 3, 103.

VII. Prepositions. — "The meanings of the prepositions are more restricted now than in the Elizabethan authors; partly because some of the prepositions have been pressed into the ranks of the conjunctions; partly because, as the language has developed, the number of prepositions has increased, while the scope of each has decreased." — Abbott.

a. *From* is frequently used in the sense of "apart from," "away from," without a verb of motion: —

"Quite *from* the main opinion he held once." — II., 1, 196.

b. "*In* was used with verbs of motion." — Abbott.

"Cast yourself *in* wonder." — I., 3, 60.
"Turns our swords *in* our own proper entrails."
— V., 3, 96.

c. *Of* is applied not merely to the agent and the instrument, but to any influencing circumstance, in the sense of "as regards," "what comes from": —

"We shall find *of* him
A shrewd contriver." — II., 1, 157.

d. *On* is often found where modern usage requires *at*.

"If Cæsar carelessly but nod *on* him." — I., 2, 118.

e. "*On* was frequently used even for the possessive 'of,' particularly in rapid speech before a contracted pronoun." — Abbott.

"I am glad on't." — I., 3, 137.

f. *To* sometimes had the meaning of *equivalence*, *apposition*.

"We shall have him well *to* friend." — III., 1, 143.

g. *With* is often used to express cause and effect: —

"It was famed *with* more than with one man." — I., 2, 153.
"We are governed *with* our mothers' spirits." — I., 3, 83.
"That will be thawed from the true quality
With that which melteth fools." —III., 1, 42.
"Marred, as you see, *with* traitors." — III., 2, 198.
"*With* meditating that she must die once." — IV., 3, 191.

VIII. Other Irregularities.

a. The use of the double comparative and superlative is frequent, for the purpose of greater emphasis, *e.g.* "most boldest," "most unkindest."

b. "The possessive adjectives, when unemphatic, are sometimes transposed, being really combined with nouns (like the French monsieur, milord)." — Abbott.

"Dear, *my* lord." — II., 1, 255.

c. *Other* is sometimes used as a singular pronoun.

"Every time gentler than *other*." — I., 2, 230.

d. The double negative is often found; this is, perhaps, a survival of Early English, when this construction was common. It does not, as with us, have the effect of destroying the negation.

"Not a crown neither." — I., 2, 238.
"There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to *no* Roman else." — III., 1, 91.
"Thou hast *no* figures *nor* no fantasies." — II., 1, 231.

e. Transpositions are very common.

"Only I yield to die." — V., 4, 12.

SHAKESPEARE'S VERSE

In order really to read Shakespeare, it is necessary to voice his lines aloud, for it has been well said that "The chief thing to remember in reading Shakespeare's verses is that they were made for the ear, not for the eye. . . . It is the general effect of the lines, their musical flow, which we take into account, though we must pay some attention to the individual elements of the verse."[1]

In this oral reading of the great dramatist, the student becomes aware that Shakespeare has used whatever form, to his mind, best expressed the thought and feeling animating the characters. Hence we find a wide range of verse-form; prose, also, is used whenever the idea is *prosaic*, *i.e.*, where there is an absence of emotion, or where the thought is *analytic*, not *poetic*. In this, as in every other respect, Shakespeare proves himself the master who mirrors nature perfectly.

Space does not here permit an exhaustive discussion of Shakespeare's *Verse* as characterizing his earlier and his later work, but some of the peculiarities, a knowledge of which is necessary to the reading of *Julius Cæsar*, will be pointed out.

Blank verse is the characteristic Shakespearian form, although rhyme is freely employed, especially in the earlier plays. In

[1] Gummere's *Handbook of Poetics*.

Julius Cæsar there are 2241 lines of blank verse to 34 rhymed lines. In Shakespeare's day, when the mechanical appliances of the stage were very deficient, rhyme was often used to indicate to the audience the end of a scene; illustrations of this in *Julius Cæsar* occur at the end of Act I., Scene II.; Act V., Scene III.; Act V., Scene V.

The usual metre is what is called English *heroic* measure, the iambic pentameter verse, consisting of five feet of two syllables each, the second syllable in each foot being accented. Shakespeare, however, would not permit himself to be enslaved by any form; in his verse variations are frequent. According to Abbott, "The metre is varied, sometimes (1) by changing the position of the accent, sometimes (2) by introducing trisyllabic and monosyllabic feet. These licenses are, however, subject to certain laws."

a. After a pause for rhetorical effect, the unaccented syllable is sometimes omitted: —

"We shall | be called | -púrgers, | not múr|derers." — II., 1, 180.

b. "Provided there be only one accented syllable, there may be more than two syllables in any foot." — ABBOTT.

"Let me sée, | let me sée; | is nót | the léaf | turned dówn?" — IV., 3, 273.

c. Monosyllabic prepositions may sometimes receive the accent: —

"Such men | as he | be ne|ver át | heart's ease." — I., 2, 208.

d. One or two extra syllables are sometimes allowed if unemphatic, before a pause, especially at the end of a line: —

"Young man, | thou couldst | not die | more hon|(o)r-able." — V., 1, 60.

"Most like | a sold|ier, ord|ered hon|(o)rably." — V., 5, 79.

e. "The spelling frequently indicates that many syllables which we now pronounce were then omitted in pronunciation." — ABBOTT. Thus prefixes are often ignored: —

"A sooth|sayer bids | you (*be*)wáre | the Ides | of March." — I., 2, 19.

f. *Whether* and *ever* are frequently slurred in pronunciation to sound like *whe'r*, *'er*.

"Whether Cáe|sar will | come forth | to-day | or no." — II., 1, 194.

"But see | whether Brút|us be | alive | or dead." — V., 4, 30.

Either is slurred in the same way: —

"Either led | or driv|en as | we point | the way." — IV., 1, 23.

g. "Any unaccented syllable of a polysyllable may sometimes be softened and almost ignored." — ABBOTT.

"Let us | be sac*rific*|ers and | not but|chers, Caius." — II., 1, 166.

"Our pur|pose nec|*e*ssary and | not en|vious." — II., 1, 178.

h. The ending *ed* is sometimes elided and sometimes pronounced as a separate syllable. "*Ed* final is often mute and sonant in the same line." — ABBOTT.

"He says | he does, | being then | most flat|ter*éd*." — II., 1, 208.

"My mort|ifi|*ed* spirit. | Now bid | me run." — II., 1, 324.

"And pub|lic rea|sons shall | be ren|der*éd*." — III., 2, 7.
"When sev|erally | we hear | them ren|der*éd*." — III., 2, 10.

i. "*Er* final seems to have been sometimes pronounced with a kind of 'burr,' which produced the effect of an additional syllable." — ABBOTT.

"*Cass.* Good night, | my lord. |
Brut. Good night, | good broth|*ér*." — IV., 3, 237.

j. The termination "ion" is frequently pronounced as two distinct syllables at the end of a line. The *i* is also made a separate syllable in other combinations: —

"Incens|es them | to send | destruc|tión." — I., 3, 13.
"Fearing | to strength|en that | impa|tiénce." — II., 1, 248.
"But Brut|us says | he was | ambi|tioús." — III., 2, 88.
"Did this | in Cæs|ar seem | ambi|tioús?" — III., 2, 92.
"To groan | and sweat | under | the bus|íness." — IV., 1, 22.

The word "Cassius" is sometimes a dissyllable and sometimes a trisyllable.

Such words or syllables as "dear, hour, power, fire," etc., were frequently pronounced as dissyllables: —

"Never | lacks pow|*er* to | dismiss | itself." — I., 3, 97.
"I have | an hou|*r*'s talk | in storé | for you." — II., 2, 121.
"As fi|*re* drives | out fire, | so pit|y pity." — III., 1, 171.
"Lucius | my gown. *Fare*|well, good | Messala."
— IV., 3, 231.

l. "Monosyllables which are emphatic either (1) from their meaning, as in the case of exclamations, or (2) from

their use in antithetical sentences, or (3) which contain diphthongs, or (4) vowels preceding *r*, often take the place of a whole foot." — ABBOTT.

"The heart | of wom|an is. | Ó, | Brutus." — II., 4, 39.
"Struck Cæ|sar on | the back. | Ó, | you flátt|erers."
— V., 1, 44.

m. Monosyllables emphasized by position or antithesis, where a pause is natural, often make an entire foot: —

"*Brut.* When Cæ|sar's head | is off. |
Cass. Yet | I fear him." — II., 1, 183.

n. "Monosyllables containing a vowel followed by 'r' are often prolonged." — ABBOTT.

"Look how | he makes | to Cæs|ar, *mar*|k him." — III., 1, 18.
So also: —

"You shall | read us | the *wi*|*ll*. Cæs|ar's will!"
— III., 2, 150.

o. *E* mute sometimes made a separate syllable: —

"She dreamt | to-night | she saw | my stat|uë." — II., 2, 76.
"Even at | the base | of Pom|pey's stat|uë." — III., 2, 189.

p. Abbott thinks that what is known as an "Alexandrine, or verse with six accents, is rarely found in Shakespeare." The following, which, at first sight, might seem to have six feet, become five feet by an elision, or slurring in pronunciation: —

"To mask | thy monst|rous visage? | Seek none, | *conspiracy*."
— II., 1, 81.

"That made | them do it ('t). | They are ('re) | wise and | hon(o)rable." — III., 2, 214.

The following line Abbott regards as a "Trimeter Couplet," or two verses having three accents each: —

"The old | Anchi|ses bear, || so from | the waves | of Tiber." — I., 2, 114.

q. Lines with four accents are sometimes found, especially where there is an interruption: —

"He's ta'en. | [*Shout.*] And, hark! | they shout | for joy." — V., 3, 32.

"*Cass.* Messa|la! |
Mess. [*Standing forth.*] What says | my gen|eral?" — V., 1, 70.

r. "Single lines with two or three accents are frequently interspersed amid the ordinary verses of five accents." — Abbott, *e.g.* I., 3, 71–73.

s. "Irregular lines may often be explained by Shakespeare's absolute truth to nature. As spoken on the stage, such irregularities would be covered by natural pauses, the result of excitement, fear, or any great passion. Thus: —

"Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night." — I., 3, 71–73.
"If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?" — II., 2, 101.
"Be gone!" — I., 1, 55.
"Let me work." — II., 1, 209.
"O Cæsar!" — III., 1, 281, etc.

t. "Interruptions are sometimes not allowed to interfere with the completeness of the speaker's verse." — ABBOTT.

> "*Brutus.* Away, | slight man. |
> (*Cassius.* Is't possible?)
> *Brutus.* Hear me, | for I | will speak." — **IV.**, 3, 37, 38.

ACCENT

The position of the accent of the same words sometimes varies. These fluctuations are the result of the unsettled state of the language in the sixteenth century, *e.g.* : —

> "But what compact' mean you to have with us?"
> — III., 1, 215.
> "And these does she apply for warnings and portents."
> — II., 2, 80.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

In giving these Suggestive Questions the editors do not intend to encroach upon the province of the teacher, but to assist those teachers who will find such suggestions helpful, and to economize time that must otherwise be consumed in dictating or writing questions for class study. Without some such directive hints, very few young students are able to read a play of Shakespeare understandingly. They may easily discover the story involved in the drama, but they often fail to get the meaning of individual speeches, to see the subtle relations in the interplay of characters, and to understand the dramatic purpose of certain scenes and speeches, all of which is necessary for intelligent reading of Shakespeare. In order that pupils may answer these questions satisfactorily, it will be necessary for them, not only to examine the text closely, but also to read carefully the different sets of notes in which historical, grammatical, and metrical points are explained. These Questions are not intended to be exhaustive, but simply suggestive; teachers will wish to supplement them by additional queries and topics. It is well to require written answers to some questions, both for the sake of cultivating the pupils' power in expression, and also to secure close attention to the text.

Points to be considered throughout the entire study of the play: —

a. The historical basis.

b. Dramatic incidents and their purpose.

c. Manifestations of character and motive in the various *dramatis personæ.*

d. Figures of speech.

e. Allusions.

f. Unusual words and expressions, obsolete or archaic words, etc.

g. Grammatical and metrical peculiarities.

h. The dramatic setting of each scene as to (1) time, (2) place, (3) occasion for the action.

ACT I

SCENE I. — What classes of Romans are introduced in this scene?

For what do the Tribunes reprove the people?

Discover what the entire scene shows as to the attitude of these Tribunes towards Cæsar and passing events.

What characteristics are displayed by the Commoners?

Can you account for Shakespeare's not naming the Commoners, but referring to them by numbers?

Explain "sign of your profession." Does it refer to a Roman custom?

Discover all the puns and other humorous strokes in the scene.

Supply ellipses in lines 3, 5, 30, 48.

What was the nature of a Roman triumph? How many were decreed to Cæsar? Which one is referred to in this scene? What was the feast of Lupercal?

Express in plain language: —

"In respect of a fine workman."
"I may use with a safe conscience."
"Be not out with me."
"All that I live by is with the awl."
"As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather."
"See whether their basest metal be not moved."

Give in clear prose the substance of the last four speeches in the scene.

Why are the citizens addressed sometimes as *thou*, sometimes as *you*? (See notes on *Grammatical Peculiarities*, p. 168.)

Can you account for the use of prose in parts of this scene? For the sudden change to poetry?

What is the rhetorical effect of the short line, 55?

What belief is suggested in line 57?

How does this scene prepare for subsequent action? Mention passages which look forward.

Scene II. — Give in brief outline the action of this scene.

Make a careful, discriminating study of the character, purposes, and motives of Brutus and Cassius, as herein displayed.

How does Cæsar appear in this scene?

Is there a dramatic purpose in putting the words in line 19 into the mouth of Brutus?

Express in plain language lines 35–36, 37–47, 71–78, 86–87, 90–131, 304–306, 312–319.

Give Casca's story.

What is Cæsar's opinion of Cassius?

What is the dramatic purpose of the words "Except immortal Cæsar," line 60?

Discover other significant expressions which are put into the mouth of Cassius.

What incident in Scene II. is a sequel of the action in Scene I.?

Explain the allusion in line 140. Cf. IV., 3, 218–221.

Infer the habits of Antony from this scene, and find all the confirmatory passages in later scenes.

What word put into the mouth of Brutus is made the key-note to his character? Follow this thread through the play.

SCENE III. — What is the time interval between this and the first scene?

Describe the nature background of this scene; state its dramatic purpose, and comment on the artistic skill displayed.

Name the prodigies; also old beliefs.

How are the different characters affected by them?

Give Cassius's description of the Romans; do his words sound like those of a friend of the people?

What steps in the conspiracy are taken in this scene?

Quote Casca's estimate of Brutus.

Express in plain language: —

"they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon."
"Men may construe things after their fashion."
"Be factious for redress of all these griefs."
"The complexion of the element."
"One incorporate to our attempts."

Explain allusion in line 159.

Supply ellipsis in line 40.

How do you interpret Cassius's words, "Poor man!"?

ACT II

Scene I. — Give in clear prose the self-communing of Brutus, lines 10–34. Is his reasoning sound? Show its bearing upon Cæsar's rule and upon the question of the justice of the conspiracy.

Trace the connection between line 37 and Act I., Scene III.

What is the dramatic purpose of Brutus's question, line 40?

Express in plain language lines 63–69, 77–85, 98–99.

Why does Brutus object to the conspirators' taking an oath?

Repeat the discussion concerning Cicero, and infer from it characteristics of Brutus and Cassius; also the attitude of the other conspirators toward Brutus.

How is this further shown in the discussion concerning Antony?

How does Shakespeare indicate that Cæsar's character is weakening? Show the dramatic purpose of this.

Give in plain language the substance of Portia's protest and appeal.

Narrate the episode with which the scene closes.

Scene II. — With what other scene does the first line connect this one? Collate and compare the prodigies mentioned in the two scenes. (In *Hamlet*, I., 1, Shakespeare has again reported these portentous omens.)

How does Cæsar appear in this scene?

Give his interpretation of the augury.

Give Calpurnia's dream. May the interpretation given by Decius have a double meaning?

Explain line 49: "it were a mock apt to be rendered," lines 102–104, 128–129.

Account for the choice of the word *whisper*, line 100.

What is the dramatic purpose of lines 121–123? Of Cæsar's offer of wine? Of the *Asides?*

SCENE III. — What is the purpose of this scene?

SCENE IV. — Does Portia know the plans of the conspirators? Give proofs.

Connect this scene with Scene III.

ACT III

SCENE I. — What part does this scene play in the development of the plot?

Why does Cæsar not read the paper given him by Artemidorus?

Contrast the manner of Brutus and Cassius in their moments of suspense.

What part is assigned to Trebonius?

What is the dramatic purpose of Cæsar's question, line 31? also line 74? and line 77?

What is your opinion of Brutus's words, lines 103–110?

Meaning of, "we will grace his heels"? "my misgiving still falls shrewdly to the purpose"?

Discover evidences of the craft and tact of Antony.

Supply the ellipsis in line 159.

How does Cassius show his penetration to be superior to that of Brutus?

Justify dramatically and historically the speech of Antony, lines 254–275.

Why does Antony detain the servant of Octavius until after he shall have addressed the people?

Scene II. — What does this scene reveal concerning the characteristics of the Roman citizens?

Give the substance of Brutus's defence.

What is the significance of "Let him be Cæsar"?

Trace the steps in Antony's oration, showing his masterly skill in influencing the mob.

Account for the use of prose in Brutus's speech, and of verse in Antony's.

What subsequent historical events are introduced at the end of this scene? Account for this anticipation on the ground of dramatic necessity.

Scene III. — What is the purpose of this scene?

Explain: —

"Things unluckily charge my fantasy."

ACT IV

Scene I. — How does Antony appear in this scene?

Give Antony's opinion of Lepidus and his motive in admitting him as a member of the triumvirate.

Explain lines 36–40, 46–47, 48–51.

Scene II. — To what place is the action of the drama now removed?

What does this scene reveal of the relations of Brutus and Cassius?

To what does Brutus allude in the words "to wish things done, undone"?

Give in plain language the speech of Brutus, lines 18–27.

Account for the difference in the manner of Brutus and Cassius at their meeting.

Scene III. — Give a detailed account of the quarrel and reconciliation.

What is the dramatic purpose in introducing the Poet?

Give the arguments of Brutus and Cassius respectively concerning the conduct of the campaign. Compare them with those of Octavius and Antony, Act V., Scene I.

Find in this scene a confirmation of the doctrine of Cassius expressed in Act I., Scene II., lines 139–141.

What is the purpose of the episode between Brutus and Lucius? Of that concerning the death of Portia? Of the appearance of the ghost of Cæsar?

Why does Cæsar's ghost appear to Brutus and not to Cassius? What is its message? Describe the effect of this appearance upon Brutus.

What is the significance of the words, "How ill this taper burns!"? Of, "The strings, my lord, are false"?

Explain: —

"it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment."
"To lock such rascal counters from his friends."
"Dishonor shall be humor."
"If you give place to accidental evils."

"Call in question our necessities."
"I have as much of this in art as you."

ACT V

Scene I. — How do Octavius and Antony interpret the approach of the army of the conspirators?

Who assumes the leadership? On what ground?

Give an account of the conference preceding the battle.

Interpret the omen reported by Cassius. How is he affected by it? Account for the change in him since the night preceding the assassination of Cæsar, Act I., Scene III.

To what battle of Pompey's does Cassius refer?

Account for the apparent inconsistency between Brutus's philosophy and his resolve in case of defeat.

Explain: —

"Their bloody sign of battle is hung out."
"Lead your battle softly on."
"But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees."
"Now, Brutus, thank yourself."
"Old Cassius still!"
"Let's reason with the worst that may befall."

Scene II. — Does this scene further the development of the plot?

Scene III. — Trace the progress of the battle and its dramatic effects.

Recount the manner of the death of Cassius.

Quote the words of Brutus in eulogy of Cassius.

What is the dramatic significance of Messala's apostrophe to Error? Of Brutus's apostrophe to Julius Cæsar?

Explain : —

"Myself have to mine own turned enemy."
"Now be a freeman."[1]
"Mistrust of my success hath done this deed."

SCENE IV. — How do Brutus and young Cato proclaim themselves ? What is the poetical significance of this ?

Explain the action of Lucilius and its result.

SCENE V. — Has Brutus grown superstitious ?

How does he justify his act of self-destruction ? How does Strato regard the act ?

Quote Brutus's parting words as he reviews his life.

What is the significance of, "Cæsar, now be still" ?

How does Octavius show himself the shrewd, politic leader ?

On what ground does Messala recommend Strato to Octavius ?

Quote Mark Antony's eulogy upon Brutus.

What is the significance of Octavius's words, "ordered honorably" ?

Can you see why the catastrophe of this play is said to be pathetic rather than tragic ?

It is very desirable that pupils shall memorize especially fine passages and parts of scenes.

Topics for essays and discussions will readily suggest themselves.

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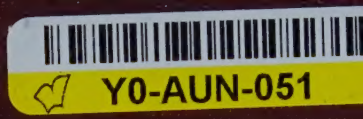
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